

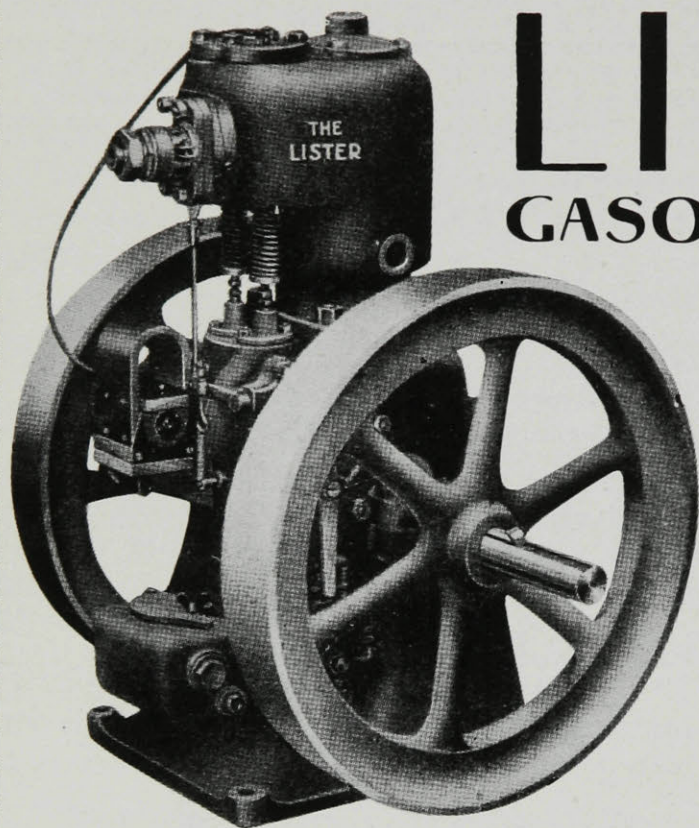
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GILSON, Gordon Wyman.

GAETZ, John R., 89th Battalion, B. Company, Red Deer, Alta.

KELLEHER, M., No. 127072, C. Company, 71st Regiment, Galt, Ont.

MORRIS, William.

NICHOLSON, William, 302860, Heavy Siege Artillery, 444 St. James St., Montreal, Que.

POPE, Maxwell Henry, 73rd Highlanders, Montreal, Que.

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STOREY, Rae, Heavy Siege Artillery, 444 St. James St., Montreal, Que.

SWAIL, William, No. 472554, 65th Overseas Battalion, Saskatoon, Sask.

SCOTT, Miss Patience W.

“*The West Countrie.*”

By Wilfrid Sadler, '15.

“ Here all the summer could I stay,
For there's Bishop's teign and King's teign,
And Coomb at the clear teign head—
Where close by the stream you may have your cream
All spread upon barley bread.

Then who would go into dark Soho,
And chatter with dack'd-hair'd critics,
When he can stay for the new mown hay,
And startle the dappled Prickets ?”



THUS wrote Keats of the land of Devon; thus felt I. A few summers ago it was my privilege to spend some time in parts of Devon and Cornwall; and while the West Country proper includes, in addition, the counties of Somerset and Dorset, it is more particularly to the two former that the lover of tradition, of folklore and of historical association is constrained to turn. The immediate reason for my being thus privileged was the undertaking of an investigation into the clotted cream industry; and on account of the nature of the work an opportunity presented itself for seeing the people as they really are, and not as seen by the sightseer and the tourist.

To discuss cream and tradition is not as strange as it may appear, for to the Devonian and the Cornishman, no matter where he be, the traditions and historical associations of his county are indelibly interwoven with his remembrance of the cream that has insured such lasting fame.

“Nothing on earth or in poet's dream
Is so rich and rare as your Devonshire cream,”

sang the bard, and as a description of the cream of two thousand years it is not too much to say.

Not only does the scion of the house of the West Country experience a feeling of tenderness almost devout towards the land of his fathers, but to no part of England is the world of the Western Hemisphere more closely wedded than to Plymouth of Devon; for was it not from here that in the days of long ago set sail the Pilgrim Fathers? I have seen the spot off which the pilgrims stepped when boarding their barque, the Mayflower. It is marked by a little slab of stone and dated 1620. To-day the historic quay is the centre of the fishing trade of Plymouth—the picturesque Barbican. Skirting the waters of the Sound is the promenade of the city, Plymouth Hoe. One cannot but be impressed with the beauty of the setting, particularly in the evening; away beyond, the Sound; the Hoe lit up with little twinkling lights of every shade and tint; the strains of a military band wafted by the breeze from the pier which juts out in the Sound; and behind it all the hum and rumble of the city. From Plymouth had emanated the

spirit of freedom even before the setting sail of the Pilgrim Fathers; for it was from this same Hoe that the Armada of the Spanish was sighted. And to-day the game of bowls is still played on the selfsame green from which Drake and his fellows went forth when they set out to clear the seas. Close to Plymouth are the Government ship-building yards of Devonport, where in normal times lie anchored many of the guardians of the deep.

The usual method of conducting an itinerary is to arrange as far as possible that turning back is avoided. I must

and short though it be, it can boast that within its bounds can be purchased all those luxurious delicacies for which its county has rightly attained its fame. I had the unique experience while in Exeter of staying for some days at a hotel which had successfully and with dignity weathered the storms of four hundred successive winters, but just at that time was being prepared for the solemn rites associated with that disintegration which sooner or later must be the lot of all. It was a weird experience, for I had begun to love the old place with its rambling rooms, its



King Arthur's Castle, Tintagel.

be forgiven for transgressing, for I would that we go back to Exeter, the hub of the Devon wheel, the capital of the county, the site of the smallest yet one of the most beautiful of the English cathedrals, and a city as old as the hills—the *Caer Isc* of the early Britons. Some remains of the old Roman walls are to be seen, but not in any degree of completeness as compared with those preserved in Chester, the capital of Cheshire. The buildings are fascinatingly old and picturesque, and one narrow little street, *Luxury Lane*, is renowned for the simple reason that narrow though it is

wainscotted walls, its oaken timbers, and its almost mediæval atmosphere.

Tiverton, not far north of Exeter, is renowned as the seat of the old Blundell school—founded in 1604—one of whose most distinguished scholars was Richard Blackmore, the author of *Lorna Doone*. The whole of the West Country, however, is so redolent with memories of the great that one scarcely knows upon which particular historic pinnacle to dwell. At Ottery St. Mary, Samuel Taylor Coleridge was born, and carved in the sandstone of a neighbouring cave his initials "S. T. C." are still intact.

The same county produced that fearless voyager, that personification of gallantry, that precursor of the hero so dear to the heart of woman, nay, all mankind as well; he who introduced into England that which in Kingsley's words is alone man's companion, a bachelor's friend, a hungry man's food, a sad man's cordial, a wakeful man's sleep, and a chilly man's fire—in short, Sir Walter Raleigh of Elizabethan times.

Near Exeter on the south coast are many dear delightful watering-places—Teignmouth, Torquay, Paignton and the rest. It was in the district of Paignton that Miles Coverdale, then Bishop of Exeter, worked in the sixteenth century on his revision of the translation of the Bible.

Not far away is Newton Abbott, where, having landed at Brixham on Tor Bay, William, Prince of Orange, caused to be read his manifesto from the steps of the Market Cross. I spent a little time at Newton Abbott; and enjoyed the distinction, while slowly disposing of my modest lunch, of being ministered to by a waiter austere of countenance, of figure well built, of demeanour superb, and of deportment delectable in the very extreme. For the time, he was the only waiter, I was the only guest. It is not strange that we should be able to give each the undivided attention of the other. The necessities of the case decreed that he should stand and I should sit—the geographical environment essential to insure my not unusual avocation of looking up to others. He talked of dogs, of which I knew not much; he talked of money, of which I knew much less. I queried him as to the financial prospects of his profession, and hoped thereby to gain some slight idea as to the presumed monetary obligations of myself. He pondered long, he pondered well, and then vouch-

safed to tell me that when times were good he not infrequently secured an honorarium of five and thirty dollars a week. Five and thirty dollars a week, and I the only guest!! My interest flagged, and we returned to the subject of dogs.

To reach a farm some miles away I cycled over hills and over streams, through country as beautiful as ever was made. I forgot my late embarrassment and remembered only that it is good to be alive. That is the feeling one gets in Devon, not that the necessary stimulation to such feeling is confined to Devon; not at all; but that's the feeling one gets in Devon.

But let us pass on to the English Riviera—Cornwall; a Riviera without its casinos, without its theatres and without its nights turned into day. I stayed at Camelford on the Cam, in the very heart of the country of King Arthur. The Arthurian tradition is permeating and all-pervading. Near the town is the little bridge sequestered beautifully among the oaks of a narrow, rocky and pretty country lane at which the mythical (?) king is said to have met his death—its name is Slaughter Bridge. Not far away is the spot under which the body of the dead king was laid—King Arthur's grave. Some miles from Camelford, however, is the main interest attached to the legendary king, King Arthur's castle at Tintagel. Eden Phillpotts, whose stories of the West Country should be read, has said "that Arthur was begotten at Tintagel, we may please to believe; but that he died far from the land of his birth seems sure." Real or unreal, legend, myth or historical fact, the spirit of King Arthur can be felt, and it is sure that no one will readily take from the man of Cornwall his dearly cherished and fondly loved tradition.

In Camelford itself I met a delightful

product of the green Isle of Erin—the Grammar School master. He had all the vivacity of his race and had freely drunk of the spirit of his adopted land. He had educated the present generation and had done it well; he was educating the rising generation, and not less well. He was a rider to hounds and an official of the hunt. He could judge a horse not less critically than he could estimate the intellectual capacity of those to whom he daily administered the academic food with which his storehouse was replete. He could entertain as only an Irishman can. He was a perpetual spring in a vineyard worthy of Arcadia.

I have never been on our Canadian prairies, but I have tramped a Cornish moor, and I have climbed a Cornish Tor, and I have experienced the feeling of nothingness in the vast domain of Nature. I have said nothing of the almost incomparable natural beauties of Devon and Cornwall, nothing of the mystery of Dartmoor, and nothing of the grandeur of the Tors. My limitations are too many. If we would imbibe the

mysterious spell of the West Country to the full, we must read Kingsley's *Westward Ho*, Blackmore's *Lorna Doone*, Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*, Thackeray's *Pendennis*, Baring-Gould and Eden Phillpotts.

I have already said that I saw the people as they really are. I saw them in their homes, and hence I saw them at their best. One remembered and could not fail to feel the truth of the words of the author who wrote, "manners, like genius, may be improved, they cannot be taught; they are as wayward in their visits as genius itself. They may alight at the palace or the cottage door, and when they have once smiled upon the child in the cradle he need not fear for the future." One feels in meeting the people of the West Country that indescribable something which charms and does not fail to captivate. One is glad to have met them, and hopes to meet them yet again. They are hospitable to a degree, and courteous to a fault. They have still the charm of Raleigh, but they lack not the strength of Drake.



Two Distinct Types of Flowers.

My First Impressions of Macdonald College.



OUTSIDE the wind blew fiercely and blusteringly, and the large flakes of snow fell hither and thither in high untrammelled drifts. The streets were deserted save for a few weary stragglers, who ploughed through the heavy banks of snow with hearts that grew lighter as beacon after beacon appeared in the windows of the surrounding cottages. How good that shining light appeared to them! How cheery that ruddy glow from the bright, crackling fire! To them it symbolized home—that most magical of words, home, with all its comfort and peace and love and happiness, and it inspired them with fresh energy for their homeward journey.

Inside the shutters and curtains were drawn, and a bright log fire lit up the dark corners of the quaint old-fashioned room. A dish of flaky marshmallows lay beside the hearth and was fast being diminished by the group of joyous people who were kneeling before the fire toasting their faces and the marshmallows at the same time, the while their tongues wagged in ceaseless chatter. For it was the Christmas holidays, and these four friends had all been away at different colleges, and each was telling her experiences in her college life for the past three months; and each claimed that her college was the best. One of the girls put down her toaster, and drawing an armchair up close to the fire, exclaimed, "Oh, girls, do let us get Julia to tell us about Macdonald, and how she liked it when she first arrived. I do think first impressions of either people or places are so interesting."

"Well, girls, let me tell you at the start not to decide too quickly about the place, if any of you ever think you will go there," began Julia, "for I remember we had one example of that kind of girl at the first, and she has been a living memory ever since. It was a glorious day when we arrived, and I was fully prepared to like everything, for I had heard such lovely things about Macdonald College from old girls. The buildings are beautifully situated, right near the Ottawa River, and the grounds are nicely kept and add greatly to the beauty of the scenery.

"After a good deal of 'red tape' we were finally made members of the college, and our memories were taxed to the uttermost with a long list of 'don'ts' and 'must nots' and 'ask-teacher-first' kind of rules which, to a good many of the girls fresh from the freedom of home life, and from other colleges where the rules weren't quite so strict, it seemed rather as if we were being treated like children. We found out after a while that these rules were enforced because some girls, maybe one or two, took advantage of the privileges, and so the innocent had to suffer with the guilty. My first impressions of the Faculty with whom we came in contact were of the kind that I hope I'll always keep, for they were very nice. They say that college life loses a great deal of its interest when the Faculty and students are not in accord with each other. I hoped it wasn't going to be like that at Macdonald.

"Another thing which impressed me very much was the splendid way in which the college life and work was

organized. Everything was done in the most systematic way, and it all seemed to run without a hitch, like a great big machine with all its parts working together in perfect harmony.

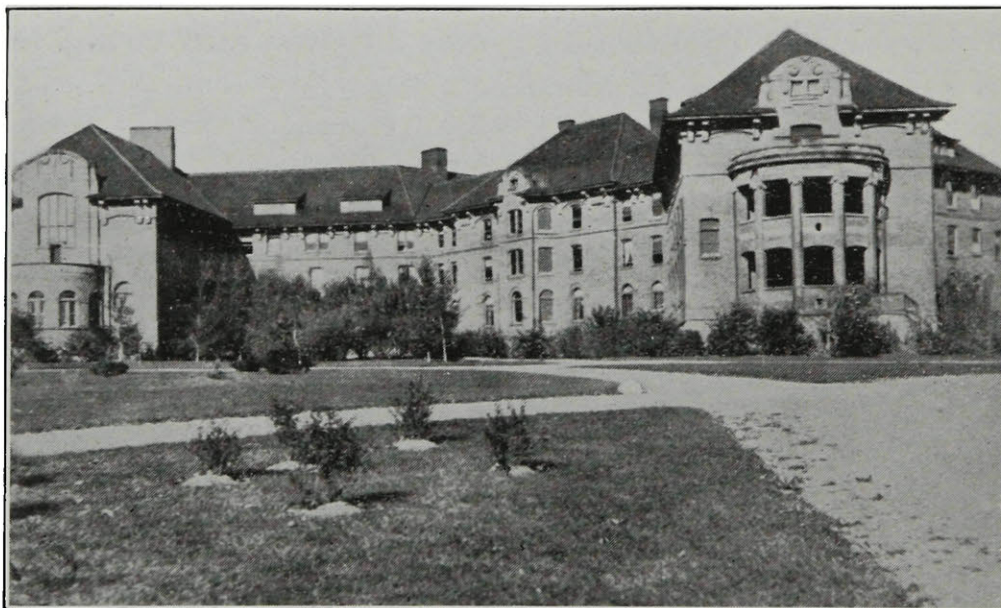
"But I noticed that, while the industrious side of the college life was kept up, the social element had not attained a firm footing in the affairs of the student body. Of course this is due partly to the war, which has turned our thoughts into other channels and has also taken away

a large portion of the manhood eligible for college."

The marshmallows had disappeared.

The fire was dying down, and as Julia ceased speaking each of the girls took up her knitting. Julia's last impression of her college life had aroused thoughts in their minds that found expression in the swift click, click, click of their knitting needles.

RUTH COSTER, Sc., '16.



The Boys' Building as seen from the River.

A Visit to "Ragged Lands."



AGGED Lands" is the name given to the Wolseley College of Gardening, Glynde*, Sussex.

How the writer came to visit this interesting place is as follows:— While in London during the summer of 1913, I happened to read in one of the daily papers a most attractive article on the quaint old village of Glynde, situated

The gardens are owned and operated under the direct management of Viscountess Wolseley, daughter of the late Sir Garnet Wolseley, who, it will be remembered, commanded the expedition sent to Canada in 1870 to quell the North West Rebellion. Lady Wolseley is an enthusiastic gardener and has written several books on the subject of floriculture.



A General View of the Gardens, showing the College in the Distance.

among the South Downs of Sussex. I arranged to go there for a few days to look quietly around, and it was during that time I heard about the College Gardens and went to see them. I was shown over the grounds and buildings by a very practical young forewoman who explained the different kinds of work being carried on, and gave me some idea of the history of the College and object of its founder.

The educational work was originally started in 1901 on a small one-acre garden in Glynde, and had as its object 1st, the training of women as professional gardeners and floriculturists, and 2nd, to promote a love for all flowers, wild or cultivated, and afford a more comprehensive, intelligent knowledge of how to run a home garden.

A great deal of opposition was met with at the start, and Lady Wolseley felt

* Home of John Ellman, famous breeder of Southdown sheep.

obliged not only to do a good deal of the detail work herself but also to finance the whole scheme. However, she stuck to her duty, heedless of unkind criticisms, and it was not long before success came, the work began to grow, and it was found necessary to remove to more extensive grounds. In 1906 the present site of $5\frac{1}{2}$ acres was secured. The position was good, slightly sloping to the south and sheltered from north winds, but the soil was chalky and badly run down. Much time and expense were put out to bring the ground to good tilth, after which permanent beds were laid out and fruit trees planted.

A glance at the above photo gives one a general view of the gardens. From the upper flagged terrace, a broad grass path, flanked on either side by flowering shrubs and ornamental perennials, leads down to a well-kept lawn, and forms somewhat of a central axis from which high hedges branch out to the right and left. This gives the appearance of the gardens being divided into a number of smaller gardens; in fact this is actually the case. There is the Italian garden, the Alpine garden, the Dutch and the French gardens, the rose, water, terrace, sunk, and wall gardens. One can now more readily understand why the name "Ragged Lands" is so appropriate. Such a College as this must contain something of everything in the garden line. And so on all sides one sees a picturesque raggedness which, it must be confessed, has a singularly fascinating interest. Beds of sweet-scented mignonette and lavender, bright poppies and geraniums, rich coloured larkspurs and narcissi, lobelias, candytuft, cosmos, gardenias, together with a host of other favorites, bloom profusely in their season. Fern-covered rockeries, pergolas, heavily entwined with rambling roses, archways, trellises, arbors, wooden structures of different designs covered with creepers

and vines, give pleasing surprises at every turn. To the right, in the photo, are the vegetable plots, orchard, vinery and experimental plots; while behind on the left are the greenhouses, fernery, tool-shed and market-house.

As to the curriculum: this includes elementary and advanced gardening, the general care of lawns and walks, planting, pruning and nurture of fruit trees, the harvesting, packing and marketing of all the various products, viz., fruit, vegetables and flowers. In the greenhouses instructions are given in potting and propagating the forcing of bulbs, and such work; while the various duties in connection with watering, ventilation, temperature, in glass house management, are carefully gone into. Regular classes are held in botany, chemistry, plant physiology, soil management, economics, drawing, accountancy, manual training, etc. On odd jobs such as glazing, knocking up flats, mixing fertilizers, stoking a furnace, students must learn to make themselves handy. Instructions are posted daily, assigning each student her particular work, for which she is held directly responsible. There is a set of tools for every student which must be kept clean and sharp. While no set uniform is required, a student is supposed to provide herself with a short dark tweed skirt, shirt waist, high boots, broad brim hat and heavy apron. Working hours are from 7 to 12 and 2 to 5. As a diversity the students have their own magazine, "The Ragged Rambler," a choral society, tennis and ball teams, and a dramatic club.

The absence of labor-saving appliances, such as wheel hoes, small hand ploughs and cultivators, was rather noticeable. I remember remarking at the time on the rather crude method of placing large butts about the gardens for watering purposes, suggesting that a gasoline engine would greatly lighten the toil in

this direction. I understand since then a motor pump has been installed and has proved an invaluable help.

Lady Wolseley is firmly convinced that gardening as a profession for women is not only a healthy and agreeable one but one that will help to greatly broaden their outlook upon life and give them higher and wider interests. For those who love the country and out-of-doors there is a great field open, especially for the educated woman.

So many are preferring the open air work which is more invigorating and

were afraid of soiling their hands. To-day, however, opinions have greatly changed. These old and silly ideas are being done away with, traditional prejudices are vanishing, there is more independence and freedom of action on all sides. Hence more women are daily becoming more interested in gardening not only as a pleasurable pastime but also as a profitable profession.

I came away that morning much pleased with my visit to "Ragged Lands." What I had seen and heard



Wolseley College of Gardening, Glynde, Sussex.

varied, to the indoor professions which are already over-crowded and underpaid. In fact she maintains there is no limit to the possibilities along this line of endeavour for those who are fitted and fully qualified to take up the work. For such, it promises attractive and remunerative opportunities, especially in floriculture.

In the past many have hesitated to take up such work, for reasons good and bad. They feared criticism, the work was too menial or too hard, gardening as a profession lacked prestige, they

gave me much to think about—the pleasant reminiscences of which prompted this article.

In a recent letter from Lady Wolseley she expresses pride in being "able at this time of severe stress in England, to help with other women in growing produce of all kinds to support our country without importations." She adds that part of the college has been converted into an emergency hospital and that the students are helping in Red Cross work.

CLARENCE B. HUTCHINGS, Agr., '16.

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"Mastery for Service."

Published by the Students.

No. 2.

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VOL. VI.

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EDITORIAL.

When we sit down to contribute something to the Editorial column of the MAGAZINE, our mind travels back to the time when we took office. It seems a very short time ago. We were then warned by the retiring board that we would have our hands full if we stepped into their shoes; and although we knew they were telling the truth, yet we could not see where there could be such a dreadful amount of work, and took their predictions of too much work and worry with, as we thought, a grain of salt. Then we saw only the finished article—the published MAGAZINE. We could appreciate that, and each one of us was eager to do his share towards maintaining the high standards set by our predecessors.

It is strange but true that, as one becomes more closely associated with any phase of work, his appreciation of the product of his efforts takes an altogether different form. Before we had anything to do with the MAGAZINE, we could appreciate its cover, its illustrations, the contents of its articles, and lastly, its jokes. We can scarcely tell why, but on us, for the past year, the beauty of the illustrations (if present), the value of the articles, and the humour of the jokes are almost altogether lost. We are so taken with the thought—Will this go well with that? or, Is there room for this? or, Will this cost so much that there is no time left for anything else?

The whole truth is, then, that whereas

we formerly looked forward to the MAGAZINE's appearance that we might sit down and enjoy it for ourselves, we now look forward to its "coming out" only in so far as we think we have succeeded in making it interesting to others. Our whole remuneration is the extent to which others appreciate it, and when, if it can be honestly said, we hear someone saying, "That is a good number you got out last——" we feel well paid for all our worry and troubles.

At the appearance of the December-January issue, the whole control of the MAGAZINE slips from our shoulders to the shoulders of those fresh and eager to do their share and take their turn. The "line-up" for the coming board lies before us. With scarcely an exception it is indeed strong and even formidable looking. Knowing the men as we do, we can predict a successful year for our college paper; yet with our whole heart we solicit earnest co-operation and even a degree of forbearance on the part of our subscribers. Sometimes complications arise that make it impossible to send the MAGAZINE to all our readers at once. In a good many instances the same men who have charge of one line of college work have other work of the same kind to attend to. Besides this, it sometimes happens that an exceptionally hard spell of work directly connected with our studies demands so much attention that it is impossible to do outside work, and study as much as we should. We know that our subscribers will feel like saying, "Well, if you cannot give us our MAGAZINES on time you can get along without our dollars!" But would this be fair? They should remember that the whole MAGAZINE is gotten up by voluntary effort, and that to insure its being kept up their patient co-operation is indispensable.

Once more, before our opportunity of doing our successors a good turn departs, we want it to be well understood that we are to blame for all the wrongs that may have happened up to the time when this issue reaches each reader. Please remember that, with the new year, the whole responsibility connected with the MAGAZINE's publication falls on new shoulders to which a collar will seem irksome. Do not cause them to fret under it.

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It is hard to believe that one term of the college year is practically over, and that exams and Christmas are very near at hand. The work this fall has had its ups and downs; and staff, students and studies have been freely criticized. In each case, some were worshipped and some were not exactly worshipped; but through it all we have experienced good times and have learned some lessons we will not hurriedly forget.

The weather all fall has been superb, suiting outdoor studies and games exceptionally well. Both show the effects. Our outdoor studies do not demand spectators, but at all of our games onlookers are welcomed. The very fact that the other members of the college take enough interest in a line of sport to be present when a game is played is enough to spur the players to do even more than their best. One would not think it very becoming if, in a literary meeting, the participants were forced to address an empty hall. The same holds true of every line of sport. Then let everybody turn out.

A great many of those who were closely connected with every form of college life in previous years are now far away, playing a game that demands the best in every sense. At first we

would say that they are playing without any onlookers. Literally that is true; but do they not feel that we are behind them in everything they do? Is it not the thought that those left at home expect great things of them that spurs them on? We know it is, and the least we can do is to strengthen that feeling in every possible manner.

The best way to keep open the channel between our fellows and us is to keep something in it. We mean that if we are doing our duty there will be a note, a letter, or some missive on its way to the front while another is being prepared to follow it. We have tried to do a fair share of this all-important work, and with Christmas and New Year at hand we have, as a college, sent a made-up parcel to each Macdonald man, no matter where he may be stationed. It is not very much to do, but it is almost all we could do.

In spite of their surroundings and their hardships we wish them one and all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, for we know that they will make it such.

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The work in connection with the MAGAZINE has at times been most pleasant. The new board, elected from among the women students in the fall,

has proven itself, and done so very thoroughly. The best compliment we can pay them is to use a phrase coined by a member of the board in the Men's Building and say, "They are a bunch of workers." The phrase may not be just as elevating as it might be, but it is expressive and true.

We know that there are several errors and omissions in both numbers published this fall, but whatever attractions each section possesses is due to the earnest efforts of the Editor of that section. As far as the work on the MAGAZINE is concerned it has been a pleasure from beginning to end, but because of its robbing us of our time and causing our studies to suffer, it has been at times pretty unpleasant. This is more than made up by the kind sympathy expressed by those who know, and we want to thank them very sincerely for their thoughtfulness and co-operation. Were it not for the thought that an honest effort is appreciated the work would lose its charm.

The retiring Advertising Manager, Business Manager and Editor wish to thank the other members of the board for the way they have stood behind them; to those who have always shown a kind interest, we also express our thanks; and to all, we wish a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.





Our Opportunity: Are we taking Advantage of it?



At the present time we are apt to imagine that the money-lender and the munition-maker are the only ones reaping the benefit of enhanced values due to the war. True, these are reaping a golden harvest, but one which all hope will be of short duration, so they naturally must be reimbursed for their ventures.

There is another industry which is so quiet in its working that we are apt to overlook it at the present time. I refer to the farmer. The Canadian farmer is "doing his bit" to bring the war to an end just as truly as is the fellow who, as a result of his labours, is making shrapnel shells.

While the profits from the agricultural products are in no way comparable to that made from munitions, yet the agricultural trade is a far more permanent one, and one which will be of a greater benefit to our country than our munitions; for just as soon as the war is over the trade in munitions will cease far more quickly than it ever came into existence, while our trade in agricultural products will continue to grow

if we do our part, and there is no reason to believe that our increased productions cannot be duplicated for many years to come.

The war has opened up new markets to us. Live cattle have been shipped from Montreal to France in considerable quantities for the first time in our history. The experiment proved entirely successful, and there is every possibility that the trade will continue. In fact, all the Allied Powers have been placing war orders in Canada, and there is also the great German and Austrian foreign trade that any country may have if she is capable of supplying the demands.

Before the war, Germany was a dominating factor in the world's international trade. She stood second to Great Britain as a buyer in the world's markets, and third to the United States and Great Britain as an exporting country. To put it in another way, Germany in 1913 imported nearly one-eighth of all the world had to sell and exported more than one-ninth of all the world wanted to buy. Now, this tremendous volume of trade is open

to the country that is willing to meet the demands of the purchasing world.

We have had Patriotism and Production preached to us so much that the expression is beginning to be a little nauseating, especially to the farmer. The following table will show that the farmer has been doing his part:—

BRITISH IMPORTS FROM CANADA.

	1914.	1915.	
COMMODITIES.	First 9 mos.	First 9 mos.	Inc.+ Dec—
Wheat.....	\$44,288,000	\$38,682,000	\$5,606,000—
Wheatmeal and flour.....	6,896,000	10,104,000	3,108,000+
Barley.....	2,702,000	650,000	2,052,000—
Oats.....	2,785,000	887,000	1,898,000—
Peas.....	27,000	5,000	22,000+
Maize.....	—	336,000	366,000+
Bacon.....	4,167,000	12,842,000	8,675,000+
Hams.....	858,000	1,877,000	1,019,000+
Butter.....	90,000	290,000	200,000+
Cheese.....	12,014,000	17,169,000	5,155,000+
Hides.....	672,000	1,452,000	780,000+
Horses.....	2,000	71,000	69,000+

This table shows a marked decrease in wheat, barley and oats, with a substantial increase in wheat meal and flour. A light crop in 1914 accounts for the heavy decrease in cereal exports, but when this year's bumper crop gets to the

Old Country it will more than make up the decrease. Our wheat crop alone increased from 166,000,000 to 336,000,000 bushels with an almost proportional increase in other cereals.

There has been a tremendous increase in the export of beef and cattle. Some 10,000 head of live cattle were shipped to France. Besides the live cattle, we exported canned meats to the value of \$2,185,000 and chilled and frozen meat to the value of \$1,285,000. The greater proportion of these latter commodities have also gone to France.

I have not mentioned our exports to the United States, which are by no means inconsiderable, as the big American packers have been buying very heavily in our markets, especially these last two months.

The market condition is unique. With the world's trade disorganized, it offers us in Canada an unparalleled opportunity to organize our resources so that we may be able to take our place alongside the other great countries of the world.

C. LYSTER, '16

Truck Gardening in Nova Scotia.



NOVA SCOTIA, the province by the sea, is noted for its delightful climate and the beauty of its scenery. During the summer it becomes the tourists' paradise. The coast, being broken into by numerous bays and inlets, makes many ideal spots for summer homes; the interior, abounding in lakes, forests and streams, is the delight of the sportsman. But this is not all that Nova Scotia stands for. One of her chief resources is Agriculture. Thus she is able to support her manufacturing centres. As an agricultural province

she ranks among the first in the Dominion. While agriculture, as a whole, is well advanced, truck gardening is just in its infancy.

Very few men are in the gardening business, and most of these have started quite recently. Many of them have already made a success of it, which shows that there are great opportunities for the wide-awake man. The chief markets for garden truck are Halifax, Sydney, New Glasgow, Amherst, Truro and Windsor. The two largest of these, namely, Halifax and Sydney, are situated in districts where the soil is altogether

too poor for garden purposes. This means the supply must come from other parts of the province.

Because there are comparatively few persons gardening, the local supply is not equal to the demand. Large quantities of vegetables are therefore imported from the United States. These vegetables also come on the market two to three weeks earlier than the local truck. To compete with this, some of the gardeners are putting up greenhouses. In these they are able to start and bring on their crops earlier. As yet there is comparatively little glass used. Some do not use it because they consider it an unnecessary expense in the building and upkeep of greenhouses, hotbeds and cold frames ; but they are thus handicapped and cannot compete with the more advanced gardeners. The time is soon coming when every gardener will realize that he has to use glass, and more glass.

Nearly all the vegetables of the temperate zone can be raised successfully in Nova Scotia. The public formerly were satisfied with having a few varieties, as potatoes, turnips and cabbage. Now they are beginning to demand an extensive choice. The gardener is therefore now raising a much better assortment than before. Besides potatoes, turnips and cabbage, the chief vegetables grown are carrots, parsnips, beets, onions, peas, beans, lettuce, radishes, cucumbers, tomatoes, celery, asparagus, spinach, salsify, cauliflower, kohlrabi and Swiss chard. Swiss chard and kohlrabi are perhaps the latest arrivals on the market. The public have taken to them so well that the demand for these two is steadily increasing.

Quite a few of the small fruits are also grown. Strawberries, raspberries, currants and blackberries are all extensively produced. The handling of

strawberries under glass is, as yet, confined to only a few gardeners. This is an opportunity that others should share, for the greenhouse strawberries coming on the market so much earlier than the outdoor crop bring exceptionally high prices.

The railways throughout the Province are such that they afford splendid shipping facilities. The period from the time the producer ships the goods until they arrive at the various markets is comparatively short. Then the consumer finds the vegetables fresher than the imported ones. This causes the home-grown truck to obtain a high price.

All parts of the Province are not very suitable for gardening. The two best districts are about Truro and the Annapolis Valley. In these sections the soil and climate are excellent. The spring comes somewhat earlier here than in other parts of the Province. This means a great deal to the gardener, as the earlier his truck is on the market the better returns he gets.

The land, as a rule, is ready for working anywhere from the first to the middle of May. Up to the middle of June the gardener has to be very careful to keep his tender crops covered, or else the severe frosts will cut them down. During the summer overhead irrigation is carried on by some. Usually there is plenty of rain for the greater portion of the crops. About the middle to the last of June many of the early vegetables are ready for the market. Nearly all the outdoor crops are through by the first of November.

During the winter those that have greenhouses use them for tomatoes and cucumbers mostly; lettuce and spinach are also grown. Though the cost of raising these crops during the winter is high, still the returns are great enough to make them profitable.

H. BUCKLEY, '17.

Culture in Prince Edward Island.



Of the minds of many persons who have not travelled the length and breadth of our fair Dominion, the name *Prince Edward Island* suggests a territory more or less intimately connected with, and, as it were, minor adjunct to, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Now, with all due regard to the merits of those sister provinces in our Maritime confederacy, we wish to remove that suggestion and replace it by the conviction that "the Island," as it is called by "down Easters," is an entity by herself, with all the advantages and sense of independence that a Canadian province enjoys.

Perhaps the best way to prove the last statement is to describe the activities of the people and show wherein these differ from those of the inhabitants of the neighbouring provinces. With this idea in mind, our first thought was to head this sketch "Agriculture in Prince Edward Island," but on second thought, the substantive appeared too narrow in its meaning. Agriculture is of course the most important industry, but we can say without exaggeration that every other form of culture is found, except the German variety which is spelled with a "k." We shall limit ourselves, however, to a discussion of the more practical forms of culture and shall not deal with culture in the abstract.

Beginning with the alphabet, we shall first consider Agriculture. Reasons for the importance of this industry in the Province are not hard to find.

Of the one and a quarter million acres comprising the island, the area of land not arable is less than nine per cent of the whole. The corresponding figures for Nova Scotia are fifteen per cent, and

in New Brunswick the figures run still higher.

Unlike the mainland, the arable soil of Prince Edward Island forms a practically continuous area. This gives the country the appearance of one vast farm, hence the appellation "the million acre farm." Most of the soil has been formed from the underlying old red sandstone. As a result it does not contain hard rock and is generally a fine, red, sandy loam, rich and easily cultivated. A climate temperate like that of the other Maritime provinces and a rainfall regular and abundant, result in almost ideal conditions for the growth of crops.

Until 1875, the land was largely owned by absentee proprietors, and not much effort was made by the tenants to maintain fertility; but when the farmers were able to purchase the land at a reasonable rate, a great improvement in agriculture began.

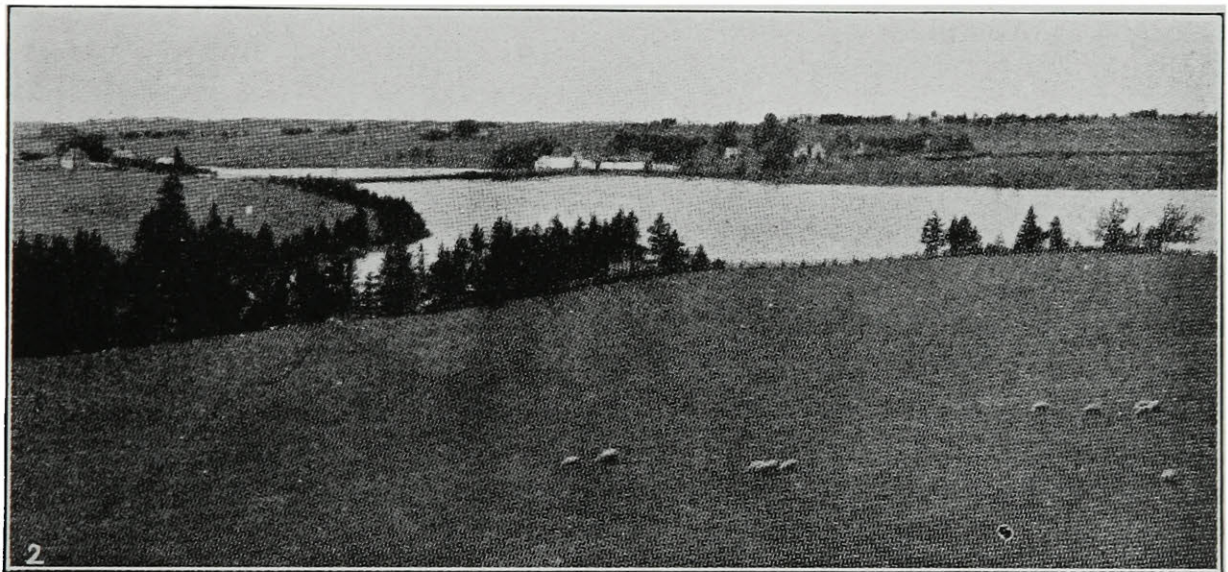
About this time farmers began applying to their soil mussel mud, a deposit found at the mouths of rivers and in bays along the sea shore. This mud contains the remains of mussels, oysters and other shell fish, and at first gave wonderful results, due probably to the lime it contains as well as the power of binding the soil particles together and thus increasing the capillarity. Second and third applications were not so effectual, but it is still used to a considerable extent, especially on inland farms, where it is shipped by rail on flat cars. Farmers now know its true character to be that of an indirect fertilizer or stimulant, and by growing more clover and adopting shorter rotations are obtaining more permanent results from the application of this marine deposit.

The growing and selling of crops in their crude form, combined with the injudicious use of mussel mud, led to a serious depletion of the fertility of the farms. Fortunately better methods now prevail. The new regime came about with the establishment of cheese and butter factories, which led to the keeping of more live stock on the farms and the selling of manufactured products like butter and cheese, pork and poultry.

As a result of work begun by Dr. J. W. Robertson in 1891, the co-operative idea in dairy farming spread to such an extent that in 1910 there were forty-five

The Egg Circle movement has made greater progress on the Island than in any other province of Canada, there being now upwards of seventy of these societies whose aim is to prevent the possibility of the housewife receiving stale eggs when she orders fresh ones.

The climate of Prince Edward Island, being rather moist and at no time intensely hot, makes it especially adapted to the growing of cereals, especially wheat, barley and oats, but as wheat can be grown more cheaply on the western prairies, the Island farmers grow just enough for home consumption.



A Prince Edward Island Dairy Farm.

cheese and butter factories receiving a total of more than forty-nine million pounds of milk. By this method of farming, the fertility of the soil is being maintained. Cow testing associations have been formed, and every effort is being made to weed out the unprofitable animals. Great interest is being taken in pure bred stock, and many fine herds of dairy Shorthorns are being built up. This industry is materially helped in the poorer districts by the system of co-operative ownership of pure bred sires.

But it is in poultry raising that co-operation has made its greatest strides.

Oats is the most important grain crop grown, and Island seed, especially the Bonner variety, has a very high reputation all over Canada. To encourage the production of seed which is true to name and free from weeds, seed fairs are held every winter and prizes given for the best exhibits.

Potatoes also do well, but as the Colorado Potato Beetle is troublesome and prices rather uncertain, they are not grown as extensively as formerly.

Perhaps the Island has won its greatest reputation for the quality of its horses, for the production of which it

occupies easily the premier position in Eastern Canada. The heavy breeds predominate, and among these Clydesdales and Percherons are the favourites. The nearby towns in Cape Breton, Newfoundland and Nova Scotia provide a large market for garden as well as ordinary farm produce, and market gardening is accordingly a common feature, especially near the harbours.

Having discussed Agriculture, we will now consider Horticulture. Leading authorities have stated that nearly the whole of Prince Edward Island is adapted to fruit-growing, more especially apples, plums and small fruits. But it is only recently that the industry has attracted any considerable attention. The early French settlers planted a few trees and the subsequent English settlers set out some orchards, but the varieties were not generally suitable to the soil and climate.

During the last thirty years, however, many orchards have been set out which almost without exception have flourished, and the success of these has paved the way for a much larger development of the industry. It has also been helped along considerably by the Prince Edward Island Fruit-Growers' Association, formed in 1896. This association recommends

the following varieties of apples as best suited to the province :—Wealthy, Ben Davis, Stark, Alexander, MacIntosh Red, Wagner and Ribston Pippin. Perhaps the most serious difficulty which growers are experiencing arises from the fact that the orchards are small, and the amount of fruit produced in any one district is not sufficient to attract buyers. The organization, however, of the Co-operative Fruit Company and the work of the District Representative will largely help to overcome this obstacle.

Having now considered two forms of culture found on Prince Edward Island, we regret very much that lack of space prevents us from discussing several other forms, more especially as some of them are unique and peculiar to the Province or, at any rate, had their origin there. However, even in this imperfect sketch we hope we have convinced the reader that besides the stretch of water eight to thirty miles in width that Nature has placed as a boundary between the Island and the mainland, there is another division found in the self-containedness of the inhabitants and that the little Province is in fact an entity by herself.

J. M. HACKER, Agr. '16.

Apiculture Meeting.



ON Friday evening, Nov. 12th, the students of the college were treated to an enjoyable lecture on Apiculture by Mr. Sladen, the Dominion Apiculturist. Mr. Sladen had been addressing the Bee-keepers' Association in Montreal, and was invited to speak to the students of the college by Prof. Bunting, head of the horticulture department.

Mr. Sladen opened the lecture with a discussion on the importance of bee-keeping, not only from a financial standpoint, but from the usefulness of the bees in cross-fertilization of flowers. From the financial standpoint, they compare very favourably with any other form of livestock, for they can be considered as such.

A few words described the bee's home, the changes that have been made during

the last few years in improving it, and the differences between the old straw hive and the modern Langstroth hive.

The care and handling of bees was next considered, as these are very important points in bee-keeping, and success or failure depends largely upon these two things. Gentleness in handling will often save a lot of unnecessary work, and also a lot of pain to the operator. Care should be given throughout the summer to give best results. One day each week should be given to overhauling the apiary, to see that the bees are working properly and that they have plenty of room.

Production of honey and wax were also discussed briefly, and the production of extracted honey versus comb honey. Comb honey is for the fancy market, but is not as profitable as extracted honey, because not nearly as much can be produced in a season, and the price obtained for it is not enough to make the sale of it worth while. Extracted honey is produced much cheaper and in larger quantities. Wax is also a profitable production.

A number of our nectar-producing flowers were discussed.

Wintering.—This problem is one of great importance to our bee-keepers, as a great deal of loss occurs during the winter, but, as was pointed out, this difficulty can be easily overcome by good management. Many ways of wintering were suggested.

This brought the lecture to a close and the meeting was opened for questions and discussion.

The lecture was well illustrated with lantern slides, clearly showing each point. This part of the programme was ably handled by Mr. M. Du Porte, of the biology department. A large number of the faculty and students were present.

While here Mr. Sladen visited the

college apiary. He was also pleased with the splendid observation hive of pure Italian bees in the nature-study room of Dr. Hamilton, head of that department.

C. B. GOODERHAM, '16.

THE FOREST'S PRIME-EVIL.

By James Lawler.

A man there was, and he let his fire
Burn down his neighbor's shed;
But he was tried and sent to jail
And "Served him right" they said.

Oh, years he spends at breaking stone,
And he sleeps on a *soft* plank bed
For carelessly burning his neighbor's
[fence

And his fifty dollar shed.

□ □ □ □ □

A man there was, and he let his fire
Burn down a forest wide;
Millions of dollars went up in smoke—
Thousands of animals died.

Settlers rushed from burning homes,
Some were burned in their beds,
And to-day o'er the place where this was
[done

A deathlike desert spreads.

And the man went back to his distant
[home

With a buck and a hunting tale,
And none of his neighbors rose to remark
That he ought to be sent to jail.

□ □ □ □ □

A fool there is, and his name is US,
As the blindest man can see,
If it's jail for the man who burns a shed
While the burner of forests goes free.

NOTE.—The above extract was received from the Dominion Forestry Association. It has worth both as a piece of literature and for the lesson it wishes to teach.

The Demonstration Orchards in the Province of Quebec.



IN the year 1910 the Pomological and Fruit Growers' Society of the Province of Quebec, realizing that the fruit growers of the Province were not making as much advance in the culture of their trees as they should, sent a delegation to Quebec to interview the Minister of Agriculture, with the view of obtaining a grant of money to be used to demonstrate to the fruit-growers the proper methods of looking after their orchards. The delegation was well received and the Honorable Minister said that if the Pomological Society would look after the working of the experiments that the Department would be pleased to finance them. Accordingly a committee was formed with Prof. Blair, then of Macdonald College, as chairman. The following gentlemen formed the committee: Mr. Robert Brodie, of Montreal, one of the best-known fruit-growers and one of the most able in this Province; Rev. Father Leopold, the well-known Professor of Horticulture at the Agricultural College at La Trappe, and Mr. Peter Reid, the Secretary of the Pomological Society. There is no doubt but that the success of these demonstrations have been due to the able manner in which Prof. Blair organized the schedule for these experiments and the care with which they were carried out by the superintendents appointed, and later by the proprietors of the orchards who for the last two years have done all the necessary work in connection with the experiments.

The results of these experiments can be judged from the fact that at the time that one of the proprietors had decided

to cut out his orchard and start general farming, the orchard was taken over for demonstration purposes and work was commenced following out Prof. Blair's schedule. Last year a crop valued at \$900 was taken off this orchard. The proprietor has since set out a young orchard and will be able to set out another one in a few years.

Mr. Martin, of St. Hilaire, whose orchard was so badly spotted that the Horticulturists of that section said if the experiment would produce clean apples in his orchard it would be the salvation of the fruit industry in the Province, obtained last year, as a result of the Society's work, a crop of 1,200 bbls., running about 80% number ones and twos.

The finest Fameuse orchard in Quebec consists of one hundred and one trees. It is owned by Mr. Waddell, of Havelock. Last year's crop averaged 5½ bbls. per tree, of which 80% were number ones and twos. This year the crop, though not quite so large, averaging 4 bbls. per tree, was of still better quality, running 90% number ones and twos. These results show what the experiments have done for these orchards.

The experiments were worked out by proper pruning, spraying, ploughing and fertilizing of the orchards. Pruning is done each spring by removing all dead and diseased wood and keeping the tree as open and as free from insects as possible. Spraying is done four or five times a season, greatest care being taken to keep the trees free from scab and insects. Each spring the cover crop of the previous season is ploughed down and the ground is kept in clean cultiva-

tion until about the first week in July, when it is sown down to crimson clover. This clover makes a good growth which helps to hold the snow, thus forming a protection in the winter. In the spring it is ploughed down; this helps to fertilize the ground and keep it in good condition.

This work, carried on by the Pomological and Fruit Growers' Society of

the Province of Quebec since 1910, has resulted in a keen interest being taken in the production of better fruit. It is to be hoped that the interest will be maintained, and that men going out from Macdonald College may emphasize the importance of the methods introduced by the Society.

R. J. M. REID, Agr. '18.

The True Victor.

When others failed and wept,
He smiled, and steadily kept
Bravely on
Until the dawn
Broke over him, and he
Put on the crown of victory.
What others only thought,
He did; he saw ahead
And others followed where he led;
Failure to him meant not to fail,
But fresh incentive, more strength gained
To reach the goal to be attained.
God makes such men
At intervals as signs
To all the lesser and the weaker minds,
To prove that somewhere, latent,
In human line,
Forever lies the spark divine.

—*East and West.*

The Cultivation of Chrysanthemums.

By E. Jones, in charge of one of the College Greenhouses.



OR nearly ten months out of the twelve, chrysanthemums are so little seen that when they are in season they are welcomed by the flower-lover as a change from the blossoms of summer, and it is safe to say that the Queen of Autumn will remain popular for some time to come. Within the last few years the cultivation of this flower has made rapid strides, the increased

PROPAGATION

April and May are ideal months for this operation. The moderately thick shoots should be chosen for cutting material, avoiding those that are weak and show long spaces between the leaf joints. Early flowering varieties should be rooted first. The cuttings should be placed in a sand bed or a flat, and during the rooting process should be kept moist and cool, shaded from the



A view of part of the Biology Greenhouse ; Chrysanthemums are seen midway in the illustration,

size of the blossoms being due to improved cultivation as much as to improved variety by selection. Indoor cultivation and the practice of growing one flower to a plant are the means by which the flowers are developed to their utmost size.

STOCK PLANTS

Selected roots for propagation should be heeled in on a bench or left in their old pots where they can be kept cool.

sun. Directly they show signs of roots they should be potted into small pots, using a light soil. In this stage they should be kept in the same temperature, and as soon as the roots show through the ball of soil they should be put into larger pots and re-potted, as required, until they reach their flowering pots, to which they should be moved in the latter part of August or early September.

To extend their blooming season cuttings of some of the late varieties can be

rooted until the end of June. Growing points of previously potted cuttings make good shoots, but great care must be exercised with them, as they easily wilt and damp off.

SELECTING THE BUD

There are two kinds of buds, known as a crown and a terminal. The crown bud appears at the end of the shoot and is naturally the first to appear. In the early varieties this is the proper bud to select, but in many other varieties growers do not agree as to which bud is best. The terminal bud is usually selected, consisting of the end bud. Other buds will appear, but these must be removed. To produce a bushy plant it is necessary to pinch off the tips; if only a few flowers are wanted, one pinching may be sufficient; but if a number of flowers are desired it is necessary to pinch two or three times. This should be done not later than the middle of August. Specimen plants are rooted from cuttings as early as January. The plants should never be allowed to rest, but should be kept in healthy vigour from the first.

VARIETIES

It would be useless for me to recommend any good collections, as there are four hundred known species of chrysanthemums under cultivation, and it is a matter of taste as to which are the best. The Pompom types are early varieties; the Japanese, or the incurved and reflexed types, are characterized by their graceful petals; the Chinese incurved types have florets which curl

towards the centre, forming a globular shape. Very few authorities, I may say, agree as to where these lines should be drawn.

The care of chrysanthemums, from the time the cutting is rooted until the buds begin to appear, is merely a question of careful attention to conditions which will ensure a continuous growth. Too high a temperature in the fall is very likely to cause trouble, but this can be controlled by continually damping the floors and syringing the plants. As the buds appear the syringing should be discontinued.

SOIL

Chrysanthemums will grow in a wide range of soils, but as they are gross feeders at least one-fourth should be rotted cow manure. A turfy loam is best, with a liberal addition of sand and about one pint of bone meal to every bushel of soil.

VENTILATION

Good ventilation is essential when cultivating chrysanthemums indoors. The best flowers are usually grown in the greenhouse, because with abundant ventilation and frequent syringing the house is kept in a more favourable condition for their growth.

INSECT PESTS

There are several species of aphids which attack the young shoots. These may be easily controlled by tobacco in any of its forms. Grasshoppers are also troublesome, but are best destroyed by hand picking.



MACDONALD COLLEGE EXTENSION WORK FOR RURAL SCHOOLS

The Training of Teachers for Elementary Schools.



THE numbers of trained elementary teachers have been less than the numbers required for many years, and many teachers are employed who have no professional qualifications whatever. For the purpose of giving unqualified teachers some opportunity of learning their craft, a summer school was instituted some three years ago at Lachute. This has fulfilled its purpose, but some satisfactory scheme is required to put the training of elementary teachers for rural schools on a permanent basis.

The Protestant Committee has appointed a sub-committee to deal with this matter, and a report has been made which still requires details to be adopted but which will revolutionize the present elementary school class at Macdonald College. At present the elementary class is too small to supply all the needs of the Province and the usefulness of the Summer School at Lachute is at an end.

It has therefore been deemed wise to terminate the Lachute Summer School in 1917. In the summer of 1916 new admissions will be few. Entrance will be confined to two classes of students.

(a) Those candidates who have already received a provisional diploma from the summer school, and

(b) Only such additional candidates as can be accommodated, who shall be selected only from those who have *already* had experience in teaching.

Thus if 80 students with provisional diplomas apply for admission, only 40 unqualified teachers already in schools will be admitted to make up the total of 120 for which accommodation can be provided.

In 1917 the Summer School will be held only for the benefit of the 40 or those of them who care to return.

In the year beginning September, 1917, two short courses will be instituted in place of the present elementary class which lasts nine months, one before Christmas and one after Christmas, each complete in itself.

Elementary diplomas will probably be given to successful candidates.

It will thus be seen that no pupils leaving academies will be admitted to the Lachute summer school either in 1916 or in 1917. But something will be done for a small number of existing unqualified teachers. Thereafter it will be

necessary for all who desire training to take one of the two courses before or after Christmas, 1917 or 1918, in the School for Teachers.

This, of course, shortens the length of training for elementary teachers, but the intention is to insist on high academic standing as a condition for entrance. Thus it is thought that there will be no necessity for doing purely academic work in the college, but that the whole time of the students will be devoted to professional subjects.

Much remains to be worked out in detail. For instance, what inducement will be offered in the shape of a bonus or bursary to successful candidates promising to teach a stated number of years in a rural school in the Province?

What high school standing shall be required for entrance to the School for Teachers? What subjects shall be insisted on in the high school course as essential for future usefulness as teachers?

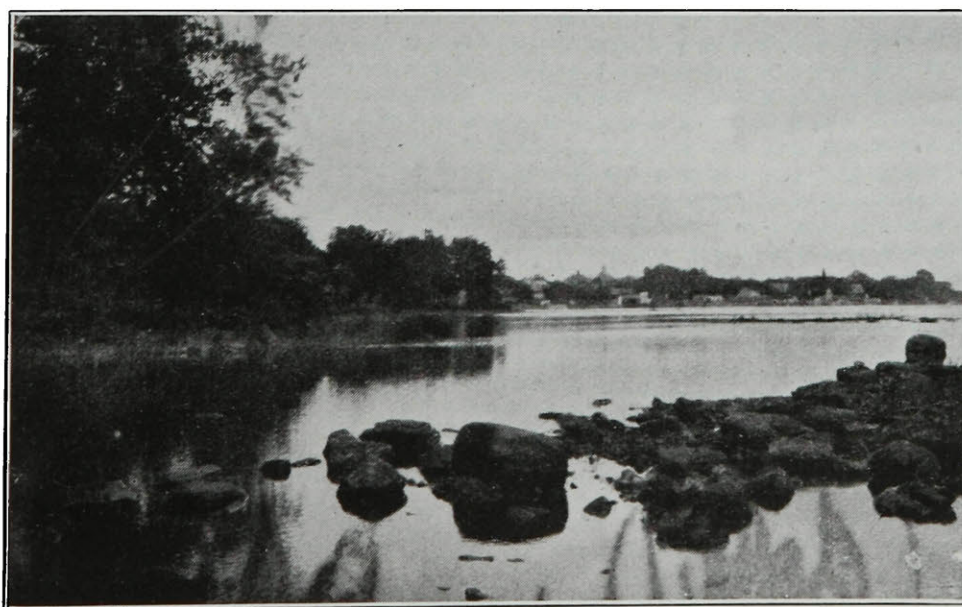
What subjects shall be contained in the professional course of the new ele-

mentary class? Which students shall be admitted in September and which in January?

These details demand serious consideration and will be published as soon as adopted by the Protestant Committee. But academy pupils intending to be elementary teachers will in future require to take a professional course in the School for Teachers. The Lachute Summer School will not be available for them. The last year for the full nine months training will be open in September, 1916, and as many pupils as possible should take advantage of it. Thereafter only a four months' course with perhaps higher academic standing for entrance will be available.

This new scheme is much the same as that which exists in Ontario where the Normal Schools give the full year's training for a second class certificate and the Model Schools with a special staff give a three months' course for rural schools.

SINCLAIR LAIRD.



The Ottawa River—a Pretty Shadow Effect, with the College in the Distance.

The Introduction of Class Singing.

By G. A. Stanton, L.R.A.M., A.R.C.M.

TIME-TABLE.



THE time allotted for singing for each class should be distributed at equal distances during the week, as nearly as possible. On this point see page 31, paragraph iv, of the new memorandum, particularly as regards arranging short and frequent lessons. If another class has to remain in the same room during singing lessons, care should be taken that suitable work is given.

MATTER.

Three topics naturally come within the scope of the singing lesson, and it is well to plan every lesson in such a way as to include *some* work in each subject: (1) Voice-culture, which covers breathing also; (2) Sight-singing, which consists of a carefully graded course in (a) Time, and (b) Tune, the efficiency of the teaching being continually proved by means of suitable ear-tests; (3) Recreation, *i.e.*, rounds, school songs, part songs.

METHOD.

Begin at the beginning, and be thorough. It is far better to teach a little really well than treat too much in a superficial way. "Short cuts" are bad policy as a rule, especially in the early stages.

As regards teaching "tune," the only fundamental principle which gives satisfactory results is undoubtedly that of the "movable *doh*." The Tonic Solfa method embodies this principle in a

most logical manner, basing its teaching upon the appreciation of the "mental effect" of every tone in the scale. But whether Tonic Solfa or any other system is taught, the underlying principle of the teaching must be the insistence of the relationship of every scale-sound to the keynote.

In teaching "time," which is more difficult than teaching tune, the time-names of the Tonic Solfa method are wonderfully helpful. Rhythm is the very life-blood of music, so the teaching of time should be absolutely thorough.

The method of teaching songs should aim to appeal to the pupils' intelligence and artistic sense. The teacher's pattern should be given rather by way of suggestion than for mechanical reproduction. Distinct articulation should be insisted upon, and the expression and rendering should be developed naturally from the emotional "mood" of the words.

MANNER.

The singing lesson should be the happiest period of the day. To a great extent discipline can be relaxed—not to approach anything like disorder, but to allow the children to "let themselves go" in a natural expression of their emotions, so far as is consistent with musical effect. The teacher's manner should be bright, sympathetic, encouraging. Long explanations are unnecessary: keep the children busy *singing*, and *thinking* as they sing. Remember that enthusiasm is infectious. And so is its opposite!

Teaching the New Writing in Schools.

By A. D. Chapman, M.A., F.R.G.S.



IN the Middle Ages, writing was regarded chiefly as an ornamental art, requiring great application, infinite care and skill, while the penman was an artist who prided himself on the beauty of his manuscript. To-day the tests of good writing are three: (1) Legibility, (2) Beauty, and (3) Rapidity. Of these, legibility is the most important. The requirements of legibility are suggested chiefly by contrasting script with print. Script characters are undoubtedly less distinct than print. If print were used, too much time would be taken in writing. Script hand is therefore a compromise; we sacrifice legibility to some extent to save time. Print characters are curved, hence a round hand should be taught in school to the exclusion of the angular. Common print is upright and is plainer than italic print. The question as between slanting and vertical script has been minutely investigated by medical experts in Germany and in America, and there seems no doubt that the vertical is in all respects the better. As a general rule the less sloping the characters the better.

The second test is beauty, and beauty is twofold: (1) that of design, and (2) that of execution.

1. The lines used in writing are either straight or curved. The straight line is not beautiful, and all beauty depends on the curve. The circle and the ellipse are the leading types; the circle being the more perfect curve, but the ellipse the more graceful. Accordingly, in a good style of writing, the curves are moulded on the elliptical outline.

2. Beauty in execution exists when the various lines are drawn regular, smooth and well-proportioned.

Rapidity, the final test, is inapplicable when the pupil is learning to write. He must write legibly and neatly, at whatever expense of time, before he thinks of writing quickly.

There are two contrasted methods of procedure—the synthetic and the analytic. The former was embodied in the old-fashioned copy books, aiming at rigid accuracy from the first, and is excessively mechanical; the latter begins with whole words, accuracy and neatness being gradually obtained from unsightly performances. The headline copy book has no place in a good school, except as an extra exercise for backward pupils. In this Province, our scheme of study demands the use of Philips' Semi-Upright Copy Books. This is a most judicious choice, as of all copy books they most nearly approach the three tests mentioned above, and they are a compromise between the synthetic and the analytic plan. Now, if the teacher wishes all the pupils to be really good writers, she will get a series of these books for her own reference, but will not require her pupils to obtain them.

Let us start in the Kindergarten and see how the plan works out. The teacher proceeds by saying, "We have drawn the object and talked about it with our tongues; let us now talk about it with our pencils." Accordingly, she will herself write on the board a letter or word, find out from the pupils which letter extends above and below the double lines, and then will require them to imitate it as faithfully as they can. These little children will naturally adopt the vertical style. It will soon be necessary to correct the bodily posture of various pupils. Here it would be well to mention that the most important

article of school furniture is the desk, which should be adjustable, and a healthy position for writing is obtained when the edge of the seat is in a vertical line with the edge of the desk, and the height of the seat corresponds to the height of the knee above the floor. A child when preparing to write should be required to sit upright and square to the desk, with his feet firmly planted in front of him on the floor. The shoulders must be level and the chest well thrown out, but not touching the desk. Support is given by the two arms, which should rest easily upon the desk, touching it just below the elbow. The paper must lie squarely on the desk, with its edges parallel to the edges of the desk. The teacher should never allow a deviation from these essential points to pass uncorrected. The left hand should be on the paper. The pen should be held between the thumb and the first two fingers, the child's first and second fingers being bent slightly outward, not rigidly bent in, and the pen should point in the direction of the shoulder. A slight motion of the pen can then be made without any other motion of the hands. The pen or pencil, to encourage finger movements, should be held an inch from the point and should be inclined to the paper at not less than 60 degrees. The child should always be able to see the point of his pencil as he writes.

The method described is the only one possible if we are to follow Philips' Books, and should be adopted, if only for hygienic and economic reasons, in every written exercise throughout the child's school career. The teacher must insist upon correct posture.

When Grade II has been reached, the pupils will have attained a fair skill in writing, and can afford to attend to minutiae of style, and special exercises should be set on the parts of letters.

The teacher should herself write on

the blackboard in the presence of the pupils such words as "tub," "bill," "wilt," "nun," "plum," "code," "dace," etc., the height of "t," "d," and "l" being carefully noted from Philips' books. Then, after a talk on the formation of the letters, she should set the children to imitate the copy in books or on paper with outlines drawn about a quarter-inch apart, the teacher to supervise and give aid as she finds needed. Figures should be taught singly, and with equal care and attention to detail. Fidelity of imitation is essential, and this is secured by the teacher's habit of superintending the lesson. The capital letters, as set in the books, need revising. No child will ever make the capitals *W*, *M* and *N* satisfactorily. It is best to build up the capitals from the stroke *I* and from that make *B*, *H*, *M*, *N*, *P*, *R*, *W*. Pupils both young and old should be taught one shape only for each letter.

The pupils of Grade IV should do away with the mechanical aid of double lines and write on single lines. Supervision now must be very thorough, as there will be a tendency to write too small, and mistakes are less liable to be discovered. As the pupils progress through Grades V, VI and VII, the utmost value ought to be set upon the writing lesson. Pupils who have reached this stage will soon leave school, and their handwriting for life will bear the marks of this finishing process. Lessons should still be given in strokes, turns and junctions as shown in words. The words should be carefully chosen and may range from "minim," through "coax" and "myrrh" to "Egypt" and "zigzag." The blackboard and pencil must be freely used, and individual errors should be corrected publicly. Where the copy is written by the teacher on the blackboard, the pupil is encouraged to attempt what he sees done, and is not weighed down by a feeling of an unattainable perfection, as in engraved head lines. Even if the

copy-book system is used, it must be combined with blackboard teaching and with exercises on plain paper.

In the highest grades, viz., X and XI, there should be no slavish adherence to any particular style, and the pupil should be allowed to develop a "natural" hand.

The following "General Hints" should always, therefore, be borne in mind:—

1. Prepare your own copies. Facts in history, geography, etc., form good subjects.

2. Examine all writing books, dictation books, home lesson books carefully. Remember the writing lesson is valueless without proper supervision.

3. Never allow much to be done

without it being seen, and in examining make it a rule always to show some fault and have it corrected.

4. Never excuse carelessness in writing and figuring. "Little and well" should be the rule.

5. Use a pencil or coloured ink yourself and mark a badly shaped letter.

6. Write neatly yourself on the blackboard.

7. "Clean, neat books are often the sole index in the parents' eyes of the progress of the child."

8. Writing is a mechanical art in which one becomes perfect by practice. Let there be plenty of practice of the right kind.

The Glacial Period.

By Prof. A. W. Kneeland.



THE Glacial Period is the name usually given by geologists and geographers to a period not long before the advent of man in the Post-Pliocene (Dawson), when conditions in Northern Europe and America were supposed to have been much the same as they are in Greenland and other polar regions to-day.

The period is also known as "The Great Ice Age," and is synchronous with the Pleistocene or the earlier Post Tertiary Period of time.

The phenomena which are now connected with the "Ice Age" have been observed from the earliest times, and are familiar to both the learned and unlearned in almost every part of Canada and the corresponding portions of Europe and as far south as lat. 40° N., i.e., the latitude of Philadelphia in America and Madrid and Southern

Italy in Europe; but so little attention had been paid to these phenomena up to the beginning of the nineteenth century that they had but awakened the curiosity of some, and had been passed by as a part of nature's arrangement of things for some wise but unknowable purpose by others.

If there were any theory in the minds of scientists, it was that they were due to the flood or floods; for example, see H. H. Howarth's work, "The Glacial Nightmare and the Flood," in which he seeks to allay the fears of mankind regarding a possible return of the "Ice Age" by his theory that all these so-called glacial phenomena are directly traceable to the Flood in the time of Noah.

Doubtless had the same conditions prevailed at the time of the Flood, and had the Flood been universal, many of the phenomena commonly referred to

the Ice Age might have been brought about by the Flood; but in the first place, conditions were not the same; in the second place, the Flood was probably purely local, confined to a very small portion of the earth then occupied by the few people who inhabited it; in the third place, there are no evidences of the presence of man on the earth in the deposits of the Glacial Age; and in the fourth place, if we accept the biblical account of the Flood, it did not continue long enough to accomplish a hundredth part of the work now assigned to the Ice Age.

The theory is like many others of the hastily conceived and ill-digested theories of the early scientists; such, for example, as the old German theory of the tides, which has been copied into nine-tenths of the physical geographies of the world, but which its author himself discovered to be a false one, and which he vainly endeavoured to overtake and revoke, for the false ever seems to travel more rapidly than the true.

The earliest attempts at earnest scientific discussion of the cause of the phenomena commonly referred to in the Ice Age were made by such men as Khun, Saussure, Venetz, Charpentier, etc.; and their discussions were largely based upon and illustrated by references

to the known action of glaciers in the Alps particularly, in the striation of rocks, transportation of boulders, and deposits of clay, sand, etc.

Their theory has had the support of many scientists of a later date, including such men as Keilhack, Penck, Credner, Schnoder, etc., of the Germanic school; Upham, Chamberlin and Wright of the American; Zorel of the Scandinavian, and Ramsay, Geikie, Kendall, etc., of the British.

The "Drift Theory," i.e., the theory that these phenomena are due to the drift of icebergs in a shallow sea, over submerged portions of the continents, was first evolved by Lyell; and it has had the powerful support of such as de la Beche, Chas. Darwin, Murchison and our own Sir William Dawson.

It will be seen, therefore, that we have three distinct theories, to wit, (1) The Flood Hypothesis already slightly but probably sufficiently discussed; (2), The Drift Hypothesis, and (3) The Ice-cap or Sheet Hypothesis or that hypothesis that seeks to explain the phenomena referred to by covering the continents as far south as the latitude of Philadelphia with a moving ice-cap, probably thousands of feet in depth in places.

(To be continued.)

The Teacher and the Text-Book.

By W. O. Rothney, B.A., B.D.



ANY complaints have been made, since the first of September, by school boards and rate-payers, in regard to the extra expense occasioned by the recent change in text-books. While most of these complaints are groundless,

there are, nevertheless, instances where indiscretion on the part of the teacher in asking the pupils to buy new books has led to needless expense. Take, for example, the *Piers Plowman Histories*. It is well for teachers to encourage pupils to secure copies of their own, but it is

not necessary to insist on every pupil possessing a copy; one copy in the school library could be made to do. The same holds good in the case of "How to be Healthy" and "Elementary Agriculture." Again, while it is necessary for pupils to secure the books prescribed for class study in the English Course, it is not necessary that they should be made to purchase the books prescribed under the section entitled "Read." One set of these books in the school library would, in most rural schools, be sufficient to enable the teacher to overtake the work prescribed. Arrangements could be made by which the pupils might read the books in turn. It is most desirable that school boards should place in the school libraries such books as are mentioned; but in cases where school boards either cannot, or will not, do this, the teacher must, of course, provide a set for herself, and insist on pupils providing themselves with their own copies. It should, however, be evident to all concerned, that it is less expense to a district to have the school board supply one set of books than it would be for the rate-payers to supply every pupil with a set who has to study them.

A point, however, that should never be lost sight of by the teacher is that, books or no books, her business is to teach the subject, not the book. The scarcity of books this fall has been a blessing in disguise to some teachers, for, as a result of it, they have learned to teach truths, not books. This statement is not intended to depreciate in any way the value of good text-books, for these are essential in the rural school; but it does imply a too prevalent misuse of text-books. I refer to the practice of

making a knowledge of the book the chief end of school work, rather than using the book as a means to an end. Scarcely more than a glance at the pupils, when they are studying their lessons, is necessary to ascertain the teacher's attitude towards the text-book. If the pupils are squirming in their seats, setting their teeth, scowling at their books, and apparently irritated and aggravated by the general situation of affairs, you may be sure that their ultimate aim in studying is to avoid being "kept in" for not knowing their lesson. If, on the other hand, they are alert, interested, hopeful and intent on their work, as explorers on the verge of discovery, you may conclude that they are in search of knowledge, and are using the text-book as a source from which it may be derived. This difference of attitude on the part of pupils towards school work is due, not to the books used, nor to the kind of pupils that study them, but to the way in which the teachers themselves direct the work of the school. One teacher has sent her pupils to their seats to "learn their lesson," while the other teacher has interested her pupils in the subject and sent them away in the quest of truth. The first teacher assigned the lesson in a tenth of a minute, while the second spent, perhaps, half or all of the lesson period in preparing her pupils for the task she wished them to undertake. The function of the assignment, however, is too big a question to discuss here; suffice it to say, when a teacher awakens to the value and proper use of the text-book, a better day dawns for her pupils, who then pass from the slavery of school work to the freedom of investigation.

A Change is Coming.

By J. E. McOuat, B.S.A., Macdonald College Demonstrator in Rural Schools.



THE improvement of our rural school grounds has been rather sadly neglected by the majority of school boards.

Most of the grounds bear no evidence of any attempt to improve them, while a large number bear distinct evidence of having been chosen to represent the roughest and cheapest plot of land available in the community. Lack of improvement is perhaps due more to this poor choice than to any other factor, for it has seemed too formidable a task to even level the grounds and remove the stones and stumps. Besides, a great many grounds are not fenced, and if they are to be improved by planting out shrubs, trees, and flowers, they must be protected from cattle and other animals. Levelling and fencing the grounds call for quite a financial outlay before any planting can be done and this accounts in many cases for the lack of artificial improvement.

A great many school boards are endeavouring at present, however, to do their best to bring about some improvement, and their efforts deserve credit and recognition.

During the last few months an attempt has been made by the Rural School Department of Macdonald College to meet some of these boards and to extend assistance to them, by offering to supply the shrubs, vines and flowers at very lowest rates and to personally supervise the arrangement and planting of the same.

In every case where help was accepted, the board has given a grant to help defray the cost of the material supplied, and has also provided free labour, teams and ploughs. It is only in such cases, where co-operation is evident, that successful work can be carried out, and it

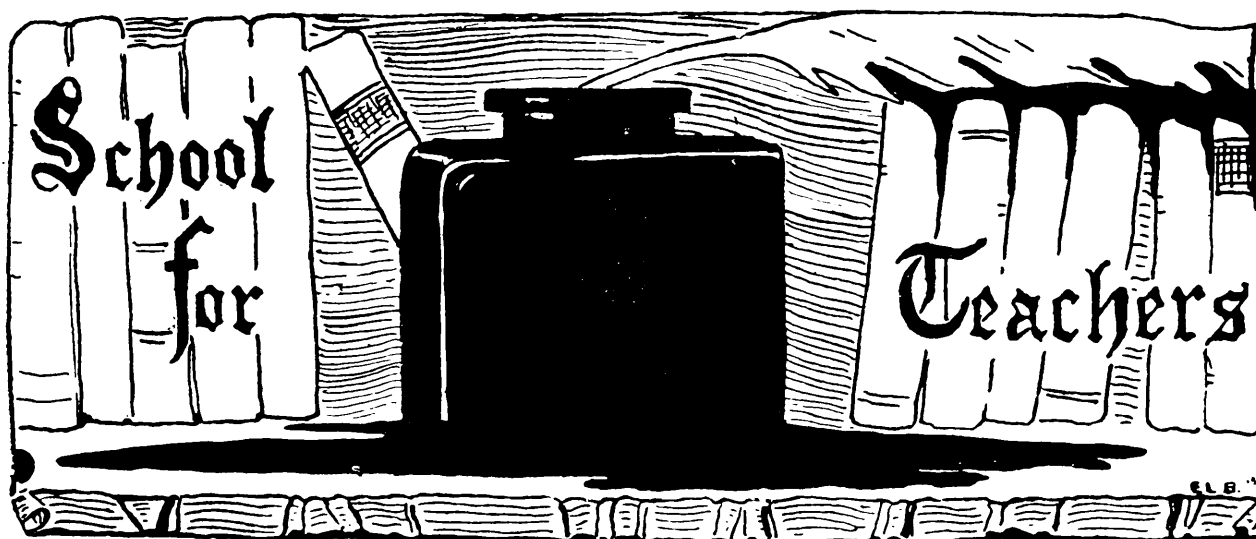
is hoped that more school boards will soon follow the good example set them by their confrères.

During the month of October of this year three grounds in the Municipality of Ascot, near Lennoxville, were somewhat improved by planting from thirty-five to forty flowering shrubs and putting in a border of between thirty-five and forty hardy perennial flowers. Virginia creeper was also planted around the school and outbuildings. These schools are situated at Huntingville, Suffield and Racey. The chairman of the school board is Mr. Robt. Mitchell and the secretary, Mr. W. W. Baker. This board deserves credit for the progressive step it has taken.

Brome school board has also co-operated to improve three of its grounds, these being situated at Brome, West Brome, and Iron Hill. The chairman is Mr. Atkins and the secretary, Mr. Geo. Hall.

Other school boards have decided to go ahead with such work next season and others have the matter under favourable consideration. The officials at Ormstown and Shawville have decided to fix up the academy grounds in this manner, both allowing liberal grants for the purpose. The Clarendon school board has also declared its willingness to assist liberally in fixing up three elementary school grounds, while the people in each district have shown a very marked spirit of co-operation.

It is to be hoped that more school boards will exhibit the same spirit and endeavour to do something to make our school grounds tidy and attractive. Teachers can do much by creating public opinion in their district, by urging the officials to undertake such work, and by assisting the children in carrying out minor improvements.



Child's Play.

FROM the time of Plato, who was the first to discover the value of play, educators have laid great stress upon its utility in developing the physical, mental and moral natures of the young.

Following out this thought, Froebel studied children at play; studied their playthings; studied the mother's methods of amusing her children. As the outcome of those years of experience which he devoted to this study of play, we have the kindergarten. The Baroness von Bulow says, "The kindergarten begins in the mother's lap," therefore these plays should be used in the home.

The more one studies the growth of the mind, the more one realizes the great importance of play as a means of education.

The newly born infant must adjust himself to existing conditions, and it seems incredible that his delicate little limbs should ever become the powerful servants of the athlete, or his tiny hands, so uncontrollable at first, should become so skillful. When the weak infant is contrasted with developed man,

we are speechless with wonder at the vast difference. Yet we know that all that has developed in the man first existed in the child, and that this great change was accomplished gradually from small beginnings, and was dependent on two things: the inner force and the help received from the outer world.

The home is the child's little world, and here is where the use of the mother's play is explained. As she rocks the little one, she playfully touches the parts of the face and sings or says a simple rhyme, such as:—

"Knock at the door,
Peep in!
Lift up the latch
And walk in!

Take a seat right down there!"

The effect of the playful touches upon the face gives rise to sensations from these points. This is also true with regard to those plays in which the mother touches the hands, fingers or feet of the little one.

This is only one way of appeal in these little plays, while there are three forms of expression which address the

three-fold nature of the child. These are,—movement, melody and words. This nature is never forgotten, although in different songs the physical, mental or moral side may be more strongly emphasized; for the highest educational value of play rests on its influence in developing the selfhood of the child, and on its beneficial effects in the training of those natures.

Sometimes when mothers begin to consider play of value they are frightened lest it lead to over-stimulation, but from play as recommended by Froebel there is nothing to fear, as every play which he gives is in response to some manifestation on the part of the child. Imitation plays a most important part in the child's education. In certain stages it means almost everything, for in this way his will power is developed and he gains ability to govern all his movements. He will have his little struggles; but struggles bring strength, and the mother must be patient and cheer the little strugglers to do their best with cheerfulness. The following lines express this thought so well.

“ Baby's life and force I meet,
Gently push his kicking feet;
Gently thus his will incite,
Coaxing forth his puny might.
Thus his strength he learns to know,
Thus his strength shall greater grow.”

Another form of children's play is pretending to be or to do something. This is where they find their opportunities in their actual surroundings. The floor of the room is changed into a prairie or sea. The space under the table becomes a robber's cave. Even the sick child, confined to his bed, will make these transformations of his surroundings. Dr. Stevenson explains how in the following pretty song.

“ And sometimes for an hour or so
I watched my leaden soldiers go
With different uniforms and rills
Among the bed-clothes through the
hills;

And sometimes sent my ships in fleets
All up and down among the sheets;
Or brought my trees and houses out,
And planted cities all about.”

It has been said that children know that they are acting a part when they are in their imaginary world. It is a misunderstanding of play to speak of it as a kind of conscious performance. A child is one creature when he is truly at play, another when he is trying to amuse.

It is not only the physical side of child nature that is strengthened in these games, but intellectual and moral power is also brought under control. The old idea that mere “storing of the memory” was the highest work of the teacher has been entirely changed. Now it is understood and freely acknowledged, that play takes the lead in the child's education and is the most natural as well as the most effective means for developing the previously mentioned powers.

The well-known expression, “experience is the best teacher,” is true, and where can a child better learn by experience the lessons of responsibility and relationships than on the playground.

In any game each player has a special duty to perform, and unless he does his part faithfully and well his team is weakened. Each player realizes that the team must work as a unit and each one has to recognize and respect the rights of the other members.

Take a boy with a shuffling gait, help him to change his step to a definite, free one and his whole character is changed. This is also true of a listless child—for

by persisting in the use of attractive games, coupled with other wise physical culture, he will gradually become more energetic and powerful and his ideals in life will be higher.

Play is better than gymnastics or any formal physical exercises, because it is (1) more natural, (2) true self-activity, (3) the child's real work, and because (4) it develops the entire nature of the child at the same time.

Some educators fear to admit the wisdom of play as an important element in the child's development, even in its early years, fearing that the love of play may prevent the love of work afterward. But since play is the real work of childhood, the love of play in the child should become the love of work in the man.

The following characteristics of play—quickness, alertness, enthusiasm, persistence, energy and independence—are characteristics of a good worker at maturity.

Froebel considered play as a kind of religious exercise for children, for their games satisfy two desires of all healthy children—the longing for activity and joy, both of these being important in true religion.

“As the child, so the man,” and Froebel wished to increase the play-sphere of childhood and give all the fullest opportunity for self-expression, activity, joy and moral development of play.

Rev. Gillies, the veteran educator of Jamaica, reports that “one of the greatest difficulties to be overcome in the physical, intellectual and moral evolution of the negro race in Jamaica is the fact that the children have lost the play spirit.” This is a very suggestive fact for teachers, for one of the greatest needs of city children is opportunity for free play. Large playgrounds, fully equipped with the necessary materials for playing the most developing games, should be provided, for a child without the instinct of play is a sad sight. If these little people in the cities have no playground, they can at least be provided with a large sand table, about five feet long by four feet wide and at least one foot deep. Small spades and pails, as well as a variety of tins for cake-baking, can be provided. Here the kindergarten toys may be used, miniature gardens designed, trees planted and animals pastured, houses, barns, indeed, whole villages may be built. What joy even this would be for the little ones!

Froebel's idea in making play a part of his educational system has been felt in every part of the world. It has awakened a deeper interest in physical education, and broadened educational ideas generally. Play is not a trivial thing, but, as Schiller said:—

“Deep meaning oft lies hidden in childish play.”

E. M. MONTLE, T., '16.



Christmas Tide.



DO you know a little hamlet away in the woods of North Ontario—a tiny village of about ten houses, nestling among the great white pines?

How the sunshine played along the roadside, making shadows on the snow, trodden by so few! For the nearest town is miles away, and it was only once in each week that teams went down for mail and supplies.

The last little house towards the North was a cheery place, this bright December afternoon. Eagerly the children ran about, with arms full of greens, with eyes dancing with fun and joy, for there at last was Christmas! Christmas, with all its promise of good times and merry days, so full of pleasure that to little ones it seems perfect, had at last arrived, and through all the homes of the village there was that current of suppressed excitement, and gay, mysterious doings were in order.

Outside, the snow sparkled in the sunshine, and the trees gleamed with frost, as if all Nature rejoiced to hear the sleigh-bells out upon the road. Back and forth the sleighs sped, returning again and again from the woods with the Christmas trees, for no tree would do if it came from near the houses. They must be brought from the Great Woods to be true Christmas trees.

Now the afternoon was closing in, as the sun sank below the hills, and in each home window lights gleamed out upon the snow. How lovely was that picture! Just below the hill-top the cosy village, then great hills standing in sentinel rows, beyond them the afterglow of the sunset, and above, the great vault where already one saw the first glimmer of a star.

Indoors all was still hurry and preparation, for the last finishing touches were lacking. The children waited while the mother fastened the big wreath, so lovingly fashioned from holly and pine, over the doorway, and the father put up a last garland of green above the fireplace. Then they gathered round the hearth, where a great fire flamed and the logs crackled in a cheery way. The ruddy firelight shone upon happy faces of mother and father, big sister and sleepy little ones, as tales of other Christmas times were told, of Christmas in strange lands, of jolly old-time holidays, with all their wealth of cheer and hospitality, and of the first Christmas dawn, that most wonderful story of all. Lower and lower nodded the tired heads, and older ones fell to musing while the fire burned low to a rosy ash, and in the wide outdoors the snowflakes softly fell, true heralds of the Christmas-time.

Again it was Christmas Eve, but oh, how different! Alone in the darkened room, with only the firelight to relieve the gloom, sat a lonely figure—the mother—sitting with hands laid over a letter, the last received from the daughter, now a nurse giving time and energy to her country. For three months had she been gone, serving those wounded in the struggle for life and liberty. Of all this the mother thought, as she sat waiting for the father's return from the village, where he had gone for some promised treat for the children, now sleeping so quietly, all unaware of the future.

Slowly and gently the motherly face sank down, and with bowed head that patient mother spoke, there in the firelight, so softly it could scarce be heard:

"Oh, why should Ruth have gone? Why does she not write? Oh, dear God, keep her and bring her safely to me; and oh, grant my husband must not go!"

For a long time she sat so, till at last a step sounded outside, the door opened and in came the sturdy father, with a look more sad than his genial face generally wore. He stood a moment, hesitating, then holding out a letter, said in a voice strained and almost brusque: "There is a letter from Ruth; she has been so busy and has seen so much she could not write before; and reading it I—I cannot stand it any more, mother; I must go too." Then he stood almost dumbly, fearing he had made it too abrupt and hard, while she, brave mother that she was, knowing it must come, could but brace her shoulders again and try not to grieve, that he might not remember this Christmas Eve as a time of sorrow, lightened by no hope—the last home Christmas.

How quiet the little village now became, and yet how busy, for more than one family had fathers and sons in uniform, serving their king; and many were the long hours spent in knitting and making comforts, and many were the socks and caps sent overseas. Every possible moment was devoted to the work—even the children could help, and did their very best to work heartily. Who can tell which was the more valued, the parcels from home or the crushed and straggling letter to "Daddy?" How weary did the home people become for their soldiers—how the latter longed to see them, and how eagerly, when in hospital, did they watch the home mails! Nothing the nurses could do was as helpful as a cheery letter from far Canada; nothing was as stimulating as good news from home.

Day by day the nurses laboured,

striving to do their share, almost within hearing of the big guns, always kindly and bright, with a happy word for each sufferer. Among them none was more loved than Ruth, strong with the strength of her splendid country life, and full of the sympathy of home. Each day she went about her duties, often thinking of her own people, oftenest of her father, for though she knew he had come too, she could not know where he was, how near or far from her. For some time she had not heard from home; the mails were so irregular that they were fortunate if they arrived once in a month or two. Nurse Ruth Berwick was little given to worry and fret, else she had not been in her present position, but she could not but feel that all was not right. Each day she scanned the lists that came from the front, but in vain, and thus she began to hope that her father had gone again to England, for she knew that his regiment had been in action, but had no men listed as missing.

One dreary November day, when the work seemed interminable, the hospital full and the patients most exacting, a messenger arrived, bearing an urgent call for Nurse Berwick from a hospital some miles farther back. A wounded soldier, they said, was lying there, with a packet for Nurse Ruth Berwick, which he would entrust to no one, and as this was disturbing his mind to such an extent that the doctors thought it likely to aggravate his fever, they thought it wise to send for the Canadian nurse. Upon her arrival, she went to him at once and found to her delight that the packet was a bundle of delayed letters, sent from England; to her surprise, some of them were written from there, though she knew no one there. Much puzzled, she inquired as to where the packet had come from, and

learned that the soldier had known a Private Berwick who, being wounded and on his way to England, instructed his comrade to take any mail in his name, and if he were not there to see that it reached Nurse Berwick of —— Hospital. "And now, Sister Ruth," said the medical superintendent kindly, as the story ended, and they stood once more in the office, "we have arranged that you will go with the next lot of wounded leaving for England, and you will take two months' leave, from this day. Do not forget to visit London, where your entire family now is!"

Need I tell you of the journey, of the heartfelt greetings, as mother, father, sister and little ones met again? Need I tell you of the happy days that followed, even though both must return to duty? Can you picture that home, though under strange skies, its family gathered together once more round the Yule fire, once more the cosy chat, now of the old home among the pines, and now of the wonderful peace of a complete circle, gathered in the ruddy firelight, wrapped round with the great joy of Christmastide.

E. J. MURRAY, T., '16.

His Best.

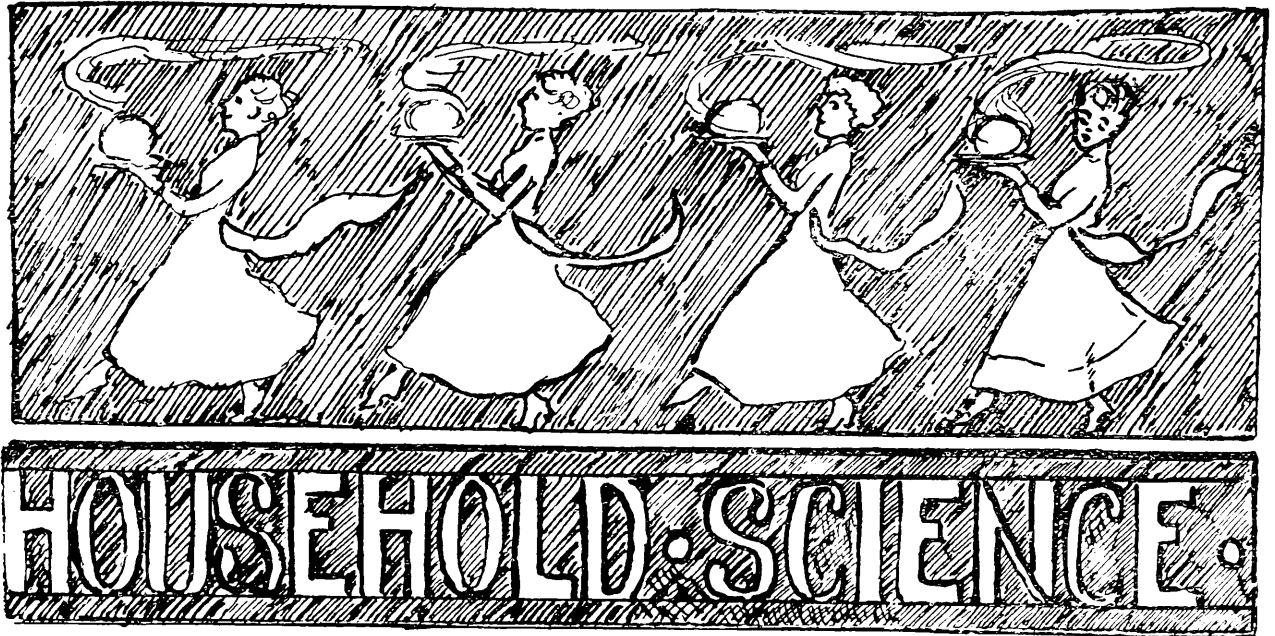
The day had been one long struggle,
Such as all teachers know,
When the hands and feet are restless,
And the childish minds so slow;
And my head ached with the burden,
And my lips forgot their smile;
When slowly the littlest scholar
Came plodding down the aisle.

He was ink from his curls to his shoe tops,
The children giggled to see;
But his hands grasped a grimy paper
And lifted it up to me;
His brow was damp with effort,
And he spoke with a hearty zest—
"Look at my copy, teacher;
I tell you I tried my best."

Pot-hooks and worse than pot-hooks,
Scratches and blots galore!
A gust of mocking laughter
Rippled from desk to door.
He turned to them wide-eyed, wounded,
"Why do they laugh?—the rest?
It's the truth I'm telling you, teacher;
I tried just my level best."

I curbed my tongue and my temper;
Dame Life keeps a cynic's school,
Where only the goal is honoured,
Where only the mighty rule.
My boy should not learn so early,
I pressed him close to my heart—
"Thank you, dear, for the copy,
I'm sure that you did your part."

And I know when the Great All-Teacher
Gathers His children in—
Most of us sick with longing
For the joys that might have been—
How warmly His arms will fold us,
How close we will creep to His breast,
If, spite of our sorry records,
We have really done our best.



The Electrical Exhibition.



NE morning not so very long ago it was announced in class that Miss Hill wished to speak to us. When such an announcement is made science students bethink themselves and the thought runs through their minds, "Now, what have I been doing?" Great was our relief and deep were the sighs of pleasure when the verdict was—all those that wished could go to see the Electrical Exhibition in Montreal. When Montreal is mentioned, and chances of getting there are connected, the world takes on a brighter look.

Did we hurry to don our city garb and group ourselves in fours, chaperoned by a Junior Administrator outside the dining-room? I guess, yes! From there we walked to the train, which, as usual, was late. Even waiting for a train does not seem wearisome when you are happy. Were we not out on a holiday and going to Montreal? Going to Montreal is a happy thought in itself—even for inoculation.

You will think, dear readers, that we are never coming to the subject of this

little story, but we are getting there as fast as the engine can pull the train. Just look out of the window; now you see a white farmhouse, and there is a yellow one, and so on until you come to a most unpleasant scene of dirty houses, dirty yards, in fact everything dirty, even to the washing on the lines. This we could not pass quickly enough and reach our destination—Montreal.

The maters, mas or mothers, as the impudent girls called the chaperons, had their hands full conveying their charges through the traffic, on and off the street car, and finally bringing them safe and sound at the Arena.

Here we scattered and followed where fancy led us. Of course we sought out our own display. And if you could have heard the "Ohs" and the "Ahs" and the pointing—although it is very bad form—you would all agree that what we saw must have been very pleasing. The efficiency kitchens were a great attraction, displaying the most needed arrangement of having a place for everything and everything in its place. I am sure there was more than one mental

picture of just such a room in a little grey home in the west, east, north, south or wherever it happens to be.

We visited our booth quite frequently, as two of our classmates were demonstrating a labour-saving device, namely, a cake-mixer, in which you place your ingredients for the cake, turn the handle, and presto—the deed is done. Then they also showed a quick and accurate method of finding out the quantity of sugar required to make the jelly jell. The girls enjoyed quizzing the girls, wanting to know the whys and the wherefores of everything, as if they were strangers from alfalfa districts.

There were many interesting displays, and one that appealed to us most at this present time was a magnificent collection of war relics. A soldier in charge told us many interesting details about the different things. In the booth next was a representation of a home of which there are a great many. It was a living-room of the home—the mother sat knitting for the soldiers, the daughter was dressed in the uniform of the army nurse, while the head of the house had on a veteran's coat; even the youngest mem-

ber, who is only a little lad, had on a sailor suit, and showed in his eyes the hopes of becoming a sailor like his father. But what of the elder son? Is he, too, doing his share in the conflict? Ah, no, he stands dressed in the latest fashion, with his hat tilted back; in his pocket is the latest magazine and a book on sport; in all, the picture of pleasure and content. From this sight we passed on to others until we had made a complete tour of inspection.

Although we have reached the age of discretion, we were not above gathering all available samples, blotters, pamphlets, etc., and we brought them home to our friends who had not been as fortunate as we were.

Of course, the day wouldn't be complete without some eats. Knowing this, the Housewives' League had a very snug little corner fitted up, where they served a delightful tea.

Once again we formed fours and traced our steps to the train, in which you could have heard many interesting details of the trip from each and every girl.

N. O. GARVOCK, Sc., '16.

Christmas in England.



It has been said that Christmas was invented by Dickens but there is hardly an English writer who does not mention Christmas in some way. (Scots writers make little mention of Christmas, for New Year is the great feast in Scotland.) Addison, in "Sir Roger de Coverly," Washington Irving, in "Old Christmas" (it is true he was an American), George Eliot, in "Silas

Marner," Mrs. Gaskell, in "Crauford," and many others, all mention Christmas festivities and rejoicings.

One remembers the case of poor Thomas, in "Crauford," who combined the duties of shoemaker and postman. On ordinary days the letters were carried round by his wife, but on Christmas day he would bring round the letters himself. "On those days the letters, which should have been delivered at eight in the morn-

ing, did not make their appearance until two or three in the afternoon, for everyone liked poor Thomas and gave him a welcome on these festive occasions. He used to say he was welly stawed wi' eating, for there were one or two houses where nowt would serve 'em but he must share their breakfast, and by the time he had done his last breakfast, he came to some other friend who was beginning dinner." Miss Jenkyns, though impatient at the delay in receiving her letters, none the less had a hearty welcome and a good dinner for Thomas when he came, standing over him to see that he ate it, and "sending even the little babies the shilling and the mince pie which was her gift to all the children, with half-a-crown in addition for both father and mother." The feeling described by Thomas is associated by many of us with the Christmases of our youth.

Another writer gives the Christmas atmosphere in the following scene:

"On one side was a table occupied by some chattering girls, cutting up silk and gold paper; and on the other were trestles and trays, bending under the weight of browned cold pies, where riotous boys were holding high revel; the whole completed by a roaring Christmas fire which seemed determined to be heard in spite of all the noise of the others."

The immortal Christmas at Mr. Wardle's fine old house in Kent, the home of the Fat Boy and the Maiden Aunt, can never be forgotten. It would not be possible to enumerate all the English novels, besides the poems, ballads, and essays, in which Christmas is mentioned, and anyone who has formed his impression of the festival from reading the English classics (and from Christmas cards), will have an idea that it is represented by feasting and jollity within, and frost and snow without doors. This is only partly true,

for the frost and snow do not always appear—more often than not it is wind with an icy cold rain falling, or frost softening to a thaw and a thick fog. However, within, we do achieve a good deal of feasting and jollity—even peace and good will.

Some old English customs have died out, such as the Mummers. They were a self-chosen band of villagers, who acted an ancient traditional play, in which St. George and the Dragon, the Devil and the Doctor took part, together with some more recent characters, such as the Duke of Wellington. Fifty years ago, in a remote Devonshire village, the play was still enacted. The Wassail bowl consists of apples floating in ale, seasoned with spices, and sizzling hot. The Yule log is a bundle of smaller sticks fixed together in a particular way so as to make a great blaze. These only survive where people take a pride in keeping up old traditions. Snapdragon is often played. A dish of raisins is filled with brandy and lighted, the room is darkened, and all the party gather round the table, on the centre of which the dish is placed. Everyone tries to snatch the raisins out without burning their fingers. Salt is thrown into the brandy and the blue flames make people look a deathly colour. The schoolboys caper about, and the whole thing seems as if it must have started in some old, strange, savage times.

There is hardly a house which is not decorated with holly and mistletoe, and on Christmas Eve the churches are decked with evergreens and holly. In old churches there are often little holes bored along the tops of pews and other suitable places, so that sprigs may be stuck all along. This is called "sticking" the church. The butcher's and baker's boys wear a sprig of mistletoe in their caps for convenience when calling at the back door with Christmas delicacies.

The Waits come round on Christmas Eve, and sometimes handbell ringers. Christmas trees are a new importation, said to have been introduced by the Prince Consort, and they have been the joy of countless children, whatever the country of their origin.

A London street in a rather poor quarter, such as the Edgware Road or the Kings Road, Chelsea, is a gay sight at Christmas time; the shops are brightly lighted, and the Christmas beef and turkeys and geese are all invitingly displayed outside the shops and bedecked with holly and gay rosettes. The grocers' shops with raisins, currants, figs and all such things vie with the butchers'. All the poor people for once in

the year have a good meal—at least one hopes so. Boxing Day is the day after Christmas, as everyone knows, and, by St. Lubbock's Act, a Bank Holiday. Christmas boxes in the shape of crowns, half-crowns and shillings are bestowed in appropriate quarters.

The backbone of Christmas festivities, wherever English people are gathered together, is, after all, the Plum-Pudding, and it is partaken of in every sort of climate, under the most diverse conditions. Thus we pay homage to our national customs, and perhaps we remember our pleasant childhood, and all the good things which made up Christmas for us then.

G. O. TRAVERS, Sc., '17.



A Scene that we feel unable to describe.

History of Autumn Short Course, 1915.



It is with mingled feelings that the Autumn Short Course leave dear "Old" Macdonald. We have become attached to her very walls, and carry with us happy memories of pleasant associations.

September the 22nd will be long remembered by twenty girls who came from various parts of the Dominion, and the country to the south of us, to join the Autumn Short Course. The first few days amid College surroundings, and becoming accustomed to new rules and customs, were rather exciting. But it was marvellous how soon we became acquainted and then the real fun began.

Among the events which stand out prominently is the Short Course Initiation (who could forget that?), the Reception given by the boys in their Residence and the Hallowe'en Masquerade Dance in the Girls' Gymnasium we shall long remember. The costumes at that Masquerade were most interesting, and "Charlie Chaplin" entertained us all, as is his custom.

The Red Cross Tea brought us all together, and in the making of sandwiches, cake and candy we seemed to become much better acquainted. Besides, it gave us no little pleasure to be able to do something for so worthy a cause. The evening (Red Cross) in the Boys' Gymnasium was one of the events of interest and importance.

The girls have worked together beautifully in the various classes, and we are proud of our Course. The three months at Macdonald have been of untold value to us all. There is now no danger of our ruining the family digestion after our practical lessons in the fine art of cooking, under the skilful supervision of Mrs. Rutter. "High heat hardens protein" will be our motto evermore.

Christmas is approaching, and with it the usual good cheer. We look forward to that joyous festival with keen anticipation, which is mediated by the fact that we leave behind Macdonald and those who have made our days so profitable.



Autumn Short Course Students.

Faculty Items.

Sir William Peterson showed Sir Herbert Holt over the College on October 30th.

Miss Fisher, who is spending some months in Columbia University, New York City, has been elected Vice-President of the British Empire Club of the University. She has given some lectures in Columbia and has been asked to lecture elsewhere.

Some time ago Miss Robins tendered her resignation of the lectureships in Mathematics and Classics in the School for Teachers. This resignation has now been regretfully accepted by the Board of Governors, to take effect January 1st. A sketch of Miss Robins' career will appear in the next issue of the MAGAZINE.

Mr. J. V. Dupré, formerly Assistant in Physics, has been appointed Chief Inspector of Canadian Factories for certain explosives. As these factories are widely separated, Mr. Dupré will have ample opportunity for becoming familiar with the American type of sleeping car.

Mr. H. A. Dupré, who preceded his brother as Assistant in Physics, is now at the front.

Mr. L. J. Westbrook, B.S.A., '15, has been appointed Demonstrator at Lachute, succeeding Mr. V. B. Durling, who resigned to enlist.

The exhibit of Macdonald College at the Ideal Home and Military Show, Montreal, October 25th to 30th, occupied a prominent position and attracted much interested attention. The School of Household Science took advantage of this opportunity to give a number of hints to the practical housekeeper. An appropriate housekeeping

dress was shown, together with suitable and unsuitable materials for making it. Home-made soap, washing solutions, silver polish and furniture polish were on exhibition, also bread and cake mixers and a bread incubator. The art of jelly making was illustrated by an exhibit of strainer bags with supports and by demonstrations of the alcohol test. The staff of the School gave assistance in the arrangement of two model kitchens, one cheaply, the other more expensively furnished. Mrs. Rutter and Miss Philip acted as judges in the bread-making contest of the Housewives' League.

The Bacteriology Department had an exhibit illustrating the composition of milk and the various ways in which milk can spoil. The Chemistry Department showed a fine collection of maple syrup and sugar and a model of a sugar bush, kindly loaned by the Grimm Manufacturing Company, and a collection of samples of household ammonia, illustrating the advantages of buying strong ammonia from the druggist and diluting it to household strength rather than buying "household ammonia," done up in dark bottles, at the grocery store.

The Macdonald College Club held its October meeting at the home of Prof. and Mrs. Barton. Prof. Charles E. Moyse, Dean of the Faculty of Arts, gave an address on "Language," and Miss Portrey contributed two piano solos. At the November meeting, which was held in the College buildings, Prof. H. T. Barnes, head of the McGill Physics Department, gave an illustrated lecture on "Submarines." Miss Rollins sang and Mr. McWilliam played a piano solo.

Mr. L. C. Raymond was the winner of the handicap tournament in bowling but failed to defeat last year's champion on even terms. The championship cup, therefore, remains with Mr. A. Walker, who has won it in four successive tournaments.

During the fall the Tennis Club held a series of friendly games with representatives of the town of Ste. Annes. The following games were played:

MACDONALD COLLEGE.

Doubles—Lynde, Vanderleck.

Bryce, Edmison.

Singles:—Vanderleck,

Ness,

Edmison,

Lynde.

STE. ANNE DE BELLEVUE.

Doubles:—Motherwell, Foy,
Crandall, Doig.

Singles:—Gibbon,

Doig,

Foy,

Motherwell.

Macdonald won the doubles and three of the singles.

The Macdonald College Golf Club held sweepstake handicap competitions during October with the following results:

October 16.—G. E. Emberley, 47-8 = 39.

“ 23.—E. M. DuPorte, 50-9 = 41.

On October 30 a combined competition in (1) long driving, (2) putting and approaching, (3) lowest score for a round, resulted as follows:

(1) S. Laird, 15 points.

(2) A. N. Shaw, 7 points.

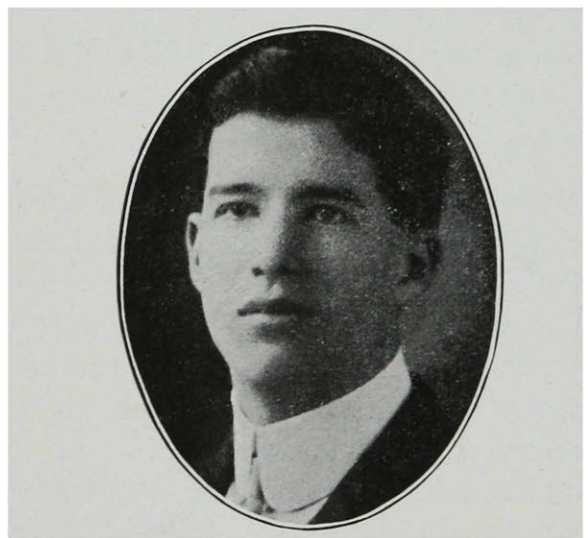
(3) C. Stephen, 6 points.

A “Ladder” competition on match play with handicaps is being held but will stop shortly owing to the closing of the season. At present Dr. Harrison is at the top of the ladder, followed closely by Mr. J. Vanderleck.

o o o

(Extract from a Maritime Paper.)

The sympathy of all who know the Rev. J. H. Brownell's family, of Port Elgin congregation, N.B., will go out to them in a great sorrow. Their only son Hugh, a most promising Christian young man of 21 years, who has been teaching in Macdonald College, Ste. Anne de Bellevue, Que., contracted typhoid fever a short time ago. Greatly desiring to be nursed back to health by the skilful loving hands of mother and sister, he tried to come home, and got as far as Moncton.



THE LATE MR. BROWNELL.

After ten days battling with the disease there, he passed away Sabbath evening, October 17. The funeral, conducted on the 20th by Rev. E. H. Ramsay, of Amherst, was very largely attended. That whole country side is bound to the Brownells with bonds uniquely firm and tender. The unfailing fountain of sympathy that, in all these years, has flowed out in constant stream to all sorrow-parched souls there, returned that day in a great tide of compassion.

Macdonald College Agricultural Alumni Association.

CLASS '11.

F. H. Grindley has recently had an attack of acute rheumatism which necessitated his removal to the hospital for several weeks. In spite of the best medical aid obtainable in Ottawa, Toronto, and Montreal, he has been unable to resume his duties in the Fruit Division, and on the advice of his physicians has gone to Arkansas Hot Springs for treatment. Any mail addressed to him in care of the University Club, Ottawa, will be immediately forwarded to him.

A letter from F. S. Grisdale, B.S.A., Principal at the Agricultural School at Vermilion, Alta., shows that "Frank" is progressing rapidly and likes his new position well. We congratulate him on his progress and wish him continued success.

Owing to the fact that several members of the Dominion Seed Branch have enlisted, C. Sweet, B.S.A., has been called upon to assume a large part of the responsibility and work of the Seed Branch in Alberta, in addition to his present work as representative of the Seed Branch in Saskatchewan. His headquarters will be at Regina and Calgary.

During the past few weeks Messrs. W. H. Brittain and F. E. Buck have paid short visits to the college. We regret, however, that the multitudinous duties and responsibilities in connection with their respective positions necessitated very short visits.

Rumour has it that G. W. Wood, B.S.A., has been appointed on the Animal Husbandry Staff at the Manitoba Agricultural College. We congratulate the College on being able to obtain his services again.

CLASS '12.

E. A. Lods, Macdonald College Demonstrator at Cowansville, spent a few days in Ottawa during the middle part of November.

CLASS '13.

From the recently issued report of the Department of Agriculture, Barbados, B.W.I., we learn that J. Sydney Dash has been appointed an examiner in connection with the courses in Agriculture given by the department. His duties as Assistant Superintendent of Agriculture lie chiefly in the fields of entomology and plant pathology, and his report contains some interesting notes on sugar cane and other insects, and also on certain plant diseases.

CLASS '14.

Mr. P. R. Cowan, who has been engaged in connection with potato inspection work in Ontario, Quebec and the Maritime Provinces during the last few months, has returned to Ottawa, where he will continue his work with the Division of Botany at the Central Experimental Farm during the winter months.

In the last issue of the MAGAZINE it was stated that F. L. Drayton was attending the Royal Military College at Kingston. We have learned that this is not correct, as he is taking a course at the Provisional School of Infantry. He is now attached to the 80th Battalion.

Mr. W. L. MacFarlane is farming at Fox Harbour Point, N.S. He has recently completed a very successful exhibition tour with his Clydesdale horse.

CLASS '15.

Few changes have occurred in the ranks of the members of Class '15 since last issue, but the following are perhaps worthy of notice:—

Lawrence J. Westbrook has been appointed College Demonstrator for the county of Argenteuil. We congratulate "West" and hope he will find his work congenial. His address is Lachute, Que.

L. C. McOuat is at present working in the Animal Husbandry department of this College. We feel sure that he will feel at home while engaged in this work and extend to him our best wishes.

G. C. Boyce has returned home for a short time. We understand that he has been put in charge of a newly organized egg circle formed in that community. George is thus helping local interests and deserves credit.

All the members of Class '15 who are at the front were hale and hearty when last heard from.

E. M. Ricker recently paid a flying visit to the College, arriving at midnight

and departing the next morning. He was officially received (?) by W. Sadler who supervises all social functions which concern members of Class '15.

A. G. Taylor gave a chicken supper on the evening of Nov. 22nd to four other members of the class. After his hospital-ity had been enjoyed the class yell was taken out and aired behind the Boys' Building.

Although Ellard Hodgins has not yet been appointed Mayor of Portage du Fort, as predicted in the class prophecy, he informed the scribe in a personal interview that he is now a member of the school board of that place.

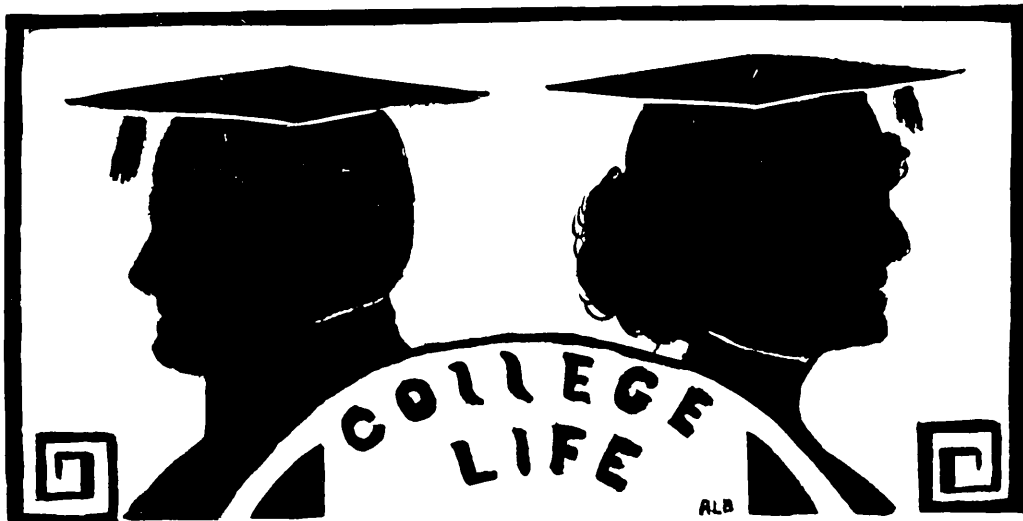
MARRIAGES.

Mr. M. B. Davis, of Class '12, was married to Miss Florence May Cochrane, of Bridgetown, Nova Scotia, on June 9th.

Mr. A. A. Campbell, of Class '12, was married to Miss Norma Failes, of Sherbrooke, Que. The marriage took place in Sherbrooke on Nov. 17th.



Some of the Girls.



OUR CHRISTMAS CAKES.

Will we ever forget the Tuesday morning we went into the cooking class and realized that we were to make Christmas cakes for the soldiers? A few of us had a little idea of what was before us, but to the rest it seemed a terrible problem.

How carefully everyone measured out the ingredients, and mixed and mixed until they thought their arms would break! But when they thought whom the cakes were for they gave them an extra stir or two—though, to be sure, they were all right. Needless to say, there wasn't a failure, and when they were all done we stood around them and wondered if we had really made them.

The next day we came back to ice them. When we began we found this was just as hard, or perhaps harder, than making the cake. For though the cakes looked their best, they were to be all covered up, and it was the icing that really counted in their appearance. A big layer of almond "sugar" was carefully put on top of the cake, and then all was covered over with "Royal icing." When they were finished, they did look tempting!

Then came the momentous question, Who was going to get them? We had

a meeting, and almost everyone voted that they should be sent to "friendless Tommies," and all hoped that someone who wouldn't have anything else would get a cake to help make their Christmas cheery.

After making a collection of Graham wafer boxes we met together and packed them. Besides the cakes, which we wrapped in oiled paper most carefully, we put in each box a handkerchief, a box of chocolates and a box of dates. There was still a little space left in some boxes—and we hated to fill it up with paper—so we went around to see what we could find to fill the space, magazine stories and nut bars being the chief fillers-up, and one girl managed to squeeze in a pair of socks she had just finished.

And then the notes that went in every box, bright, happy little notes to cheer the friendless Tommies and convince them that they weren't really friendless at all.

When they were all weighed and tied up, we mailed them to the Overseas Club, and from there they will be sent to the soldiers. If they get half as much pleasure from the boxes as we got preparing them, they will have a happy Christmas.

L. K., Sc., '17.

THE SOPHOMORE CHICKEN FEED.

On Monday evening, October 25th, was held one of the most unique events of the year, to wit, the Sophomore Chicken Feed.

This feed, or, to be more formal, this dinner, represents the culmination of two weeks' hard work on the part of the Sophs. For a fortnight the members of class '18 had hustled forth at chilly dawn, at high noon, and again in the afternoon, to appease the rapacious appetites of a hundred unhappy, underfed and undersized fowls. And to what result? Behold, at the end of this period,

Norcross, whose socks might have served as beacons on the darkest of nights. We were closely followed by Miss McGill, Miss Guthrie and Mr. Chauvin in a cab. French could be heard conversing on deep and serious topics in his usual weighty and sonorous tones.

When we arrived, we found that the decoration committee had accomplished wonderful results. The walls were covered with banners and pennants, each table was decorated with flowers, and even such a minor detail as setting the clock back twenty minutes had been attended to.



THE SOPHOMORE CLASS.

Ready for action. There was no feeding done the night this snapshot was taken.

a lot of plump, sleek, contented chickens, aggregating ninety-nine in number (one of Mace's birds having fallen by the wayside).

These were duly (but not without some difficulty, especially on Cairnie's part) turned from live into dressed poultry, and a few nights later the Chicken Feed was held at the Hudson Bay House.

After calling for the girls, the walk downtown was led by Messrs. Birks and

Everything was very subdued at first, but as the dinner progressed, conversation became general and lively.

Some very spicy and sarcastic repartee was heard at one table, where sat two of our renowned debaters, while at another, four Westmounters discoursed on a wide range of subjects, from the borrowing of a football suit to telephone introductions. Our worthy President and Secretary sat quietly at another table, perhaps cogitating on their res-

possibilities, which both, however, performed very creditably.

Bob Reid was observed in very animated discussion with his "lady friend," and we suspect that it concerned the respective merits of Canadians and Americans.

Later on, we were favoured with after-dinner speeches from Dr. Lynde, Mr. Raymond, Mr. Jull and Mr. Bergey.

Dr. Lynde's gallant reference to "the many charming young ladies present" was roundly applauded by the class, as was Mr. Jull's announcement of the winners of the fattening contest as follows:

First prize, Arnold.

Second prize, Miss Newton.

Third prize, Jones and Cameron.

Fourth prize, Woodwark.

Fifth prize, Hodge, Hawke and Derrick.

The National Anthem was then sung, and after giving the college and class songs and yells we enjoyed a dandy moonlight walk to the Women's Residence.

The only unfortunate incident of the evening was that one of our classmates had to do without his chicken.

S. F. T., '18.

SOCIAL EVENING.

At the conclusion of the Senior-Junior Debate, Friday evening, Nov. 19th, the members of the Students' Council, plus a few friends, repaired to the large Reception Room of the Women's Residence. Here the lady members of the Council entertained the gentlemen.

After a few short selections on the piano, the refreshments were served, Miss McGill presiding at the coffee urn. When everybody had done ample justice to the good things provided, a general move was made for places around the

log fire in the fire-place, where a very enjoyable time was spent.

About 11.30 p.m., the adjournment was made, and the pleasant but all too brief evening came to a conclusion. The gentlemen wish to thank the ladies for the extremely enjoyable evening, and look forward to more of a similar nature.

THE HALLOWE'EN MASQUERADE.

The Masquerade Dance! How we all looked forward for weeks to that important event. As soon as we knew when it was to take place, numerous letters, containing such injunctions as "please don't forget to send my pink suede pumps," and "send John's old green-and-purple sweater as soon as possible," were dispatched to the home folks. Soon mysterious bundles were arriving at the post-office. These were hailed with shouts of joy, carried away, and promptly hidden.

At last the day arrived. Those who had been haunting the post-office for weeks felt a great load slip off their minds as they were rewarded at the last moment with a bulky parcel which might contain anything. How did we ever get through that day? We all thought tea would never be over. When Miss McGill stood up at last, there was a great rush up to our rooms, and soon quietness reigned except for an occasional tardy borrower who was forced to receive what she wanted through the transom. If anyone wandered in another room she was promptly ejected, while the costumes were whisked out of sight.

At eight o'clock masked figures issued from the rooms and hastened toward the gym. As they passed, such remarks as "Oh, I couldn't mistake that walk," "Look, that's so-and-so," "Seems to me I've seen that hat before," were very common.

Into the gym. we crept, trying our

best to hide our identity, but what a transformed place! The lighted pumpkins, placed here and there, showed up alluring cosy corners of rugs and cushions. On the walls were flags and bunting, giving the finishing touches to the pretty room. Soon the lights were flashed on and the "boys" began to look for their partners. What a time we had!

At the end of the third dance the order was given to unmask and a chorus of surprised exclamations followed, "Oh, I never dreamed that was you," "Doesn't so-and-so make a dandy boy?" etc.

Description fails me when I attempt to portray the costumes. Our old friend Charlie Chaplin was there and furnished much of the fun by his familiar antics. There was a tall French painter and a country squire, several dainty colonial ladies, some football players and several peasant-girls. The Recruiting Girl evidently made an impression, for there were many who answered her call to "Enlist To-day."

Just before the supper dance, we promenaded round the gym. while the judges made their decisions. The prize for the "boys" was, of course, awarded to Charlie, while a demure shepherdess carried off the ladies' prize.

Then supper was served by the gentlemen of the company. This seemed to be enjoyed immensely, in fact several cake-eating records were broken by some of the more ambitious.

The dancing started again and off we went for our next partners. Ghosts and Indian maidens, footballers and six-year-olds whirled around together. Oh, those barn dances! Over and over again they were encored until we were ready to drop. At twelve o'clock the dance broke up and groups of tired girls met in the corridors or in the rooms to discuss what a good time they had had. Long after "Lights out," a voice could

be heard saying, "Did you *ever* enjoy yourself so much?" and the answer came, "Wasn't it great!"

D. M. D., T., '16.

MISS GALL'S LECTURE.

On Nov. 3rd, the members of the Home Economics Club gathered together and listened to a very interesting lecture on the present war given by Miss Gall of Montreal.

There was a short programme, and then silence reigned while we waited for the story of how our boys at the front work. Miss Gall, who was dressed in a very becoming Red Cross uniform, gave us a very interesting talk on conditions at the seat of the war. She told us of the boys' appreciation of the kindnesses shown them and also of the hardships which they endured.

Miss Gall's work was mostly carried on in Belgium, and one of her short stories was about one dreadful night when the hospital, in which the wounded lay, was struck. Everyone who could help readily volunteered, with the exception of one man who stood by and watched. A bright young nurse who did not believe in idleness asked this gentleman his reasons for not assisting. He calmly replied in an off-hand manner, "I am only the King," but he soon was as busy as the others and did a great deal towards helping the suffering and assisting the nurses.

Miss Gall told us several other interesting stories, and the Club regretted very much when the meeting came to a close. The National Anthem was sung and some of the students departed.

However, a large number remained while Miss Gall told them many other such tales. It being a study night the bell tolled eight, and we broke up into two's and three's all talking of the lecture on the way to our rooms.

M. W., Sc., '16.

"PATRIOTIC EVENING."

On Saturday evening, Nov. 27th, a "Patriotic Evening" was held in the Men's Residence, the proceeds from which are to be devoted to sending Christmas Comforts to the "*Macdonald Men*" who have gone to the front.

The attractions offered were as numerous as they were unique. The first item on the programme was the baseball match between the Faculty and Students, resulting in a victory for the former. The victory being due to the combined thinking and strategy of the

achieved various successes; sometimes a mouse-trap, sometimes a pencil, and sometimes, when the right persons angled, sweet meats, popularly termed *lollypops*, were obtained. Then by crossing the hand with silver, your fortune, *present, past and future*, was told in true Bohemian style. Senor Marconi de Hodgino, in an original booth of his own design, which was fully equipped with scientific equipment, gave demonstrations of his latest device for Electric Telepathy. You merely held the wand, and without any great effort he could



A Social Evening with the Students' Council.

Instructors. Then followed a very exciting hour, spent among the booths and side-shows of "The Midway."

The *Candy-Table* resembled an animated bee-hive where everybody was endeavouring to get a chance to purchase some of the attractive and delicious candy made by the girls of the Domestic Science School. Next to the candy booth was a fine side-show, where people fairly *hopped* with excitement and *electric thrills*. Further down the Midway was the "Fish Pond," where the anglers

make you hop, dance or double up, at will. Colonel John Buck conducted a guessing contest, which held the attention of large numbers. All this time, a real contest of skill was going on in the gym.; a scene which brought you back to your childhood and the days when you attended the Fall Fairs was there presented. Here a "Fat" man ran a "four doll show," in which you might win a prize if you were skillful enough to hit one of the dolls in three shots. "Shorty" Smith had a great big show, in which he



THE STUDENTS' COUNCIL.

Standing :—Fraser, Crothers, Moynan, Derrick, Hyndman, Sutherland.

Sitting :—Misses Guthrie, Longworth, Montle, G. C. Hay, (Pres.), Misses Planche, Roach, Smith and Law.

Seated on floor :—Hodgins, McOuat.



Y. M. C. A. EXECUTIVE.

Standing :—Middlemiss, McOuat, Hatch, Fiske, Cameron, Hodge, Graham.

Sitting :—Schafheitlin, Jones, W. N. Fraser, Gooderham, Hyndman.

introduced "Dodging Dud," "the Boston Wonder," to the public for the first time. If you could hit the elusive dodger on the head in three shots you received a valuable prize.

Refreshments were served "a la Cafeteria." As you followed the "bread line," your order, in somewhat contorted form, was passed in to the white capped waiters. "Big Sam" would give your order as "Burnt bread and make it slippery," "Ice the blue," while, "Waiting on Beef Stew" would come from the other side of the counter.

The most enjoyable part of the programme came, when it was announced that "an hour's dancing could be enjoyed." This was the climax to an already very enjoyable evening. Then after the dancing the programme came to an end by singing the National Anthem.

THE FIRST LITERARY MEETING.

To some, a Literary meeting might sound rather uninteresting, but those who have attended a "Lit." meeting at Macdonald College will tell you otherwise.

The first "Lit." meeting was held on October the twenty-ninth in the Assembly Hall. The opening selection was played by Mr. Stanton on the pipe-organ, of which we are justly proud. Following which Mr. Hyndman gave a very pleasing rendition of the song, "Somewhere a Voice is Calling." That it was appreciated by the audience was shown by the enthusiasm with which they encored him. A recitation by Miss Benewick showed decided talent, and Miss Feigenbaum's piano selections brought forth a burst of applause. Another very enjoyable number on the programme was a Cello selection by Mr. Schafheitlin and it was appreciated by all. All who were present will agree with me when I say that Miss Murray's

patriotic recitation was very stirring and aroused feelings of patriotism in the hearts of her audience. Mr. Stanton then favoured us with a beautiful violin selection, being accompanied by Mrs. Stanton. Miss Henault's piano solo called forth much enthusiasm and was followed by the college songs; and before we could well realize that a most enjoyable evening had come to an end we were singing God Save the King.

A. C.

Y. M. C. A.

Our study groups are now fairly well organized, and several of the men have joined the groups, but we want more, especially from the first two years.

We have already seven leaders, and others have offered to take groups as soon as we can get them formed. The following are the names of the leaders and their seconders:—

Leaders.	Seconders.
V. Smiley,	J. B. Sutherland.
E. W. Holden,	G. E. Arnold.
R. G. Hodge,	S. Y. Cameron.
E. C. Hatch,	R. C. M. Fiske.
H. R. Creed,	_____
C. B. Gooderham,	O. C. Hicks.

¶ Our intention this year is to study, as far as possible, the rural problems of Canada, and prospects are good for an interesting series of meetings.

C. B. G., '16.

THE SHORT COURSE TEA.

On Saturday, November the sixth, a very enjoyable tea was given by the Short Course Science students in aid of the Red Cross. The room where the tea was held was prettily decorated with quantities of flags and ferns, which were kindly loaned for the occasion by different members of the students and staff.

The tea-table, which was charmingly arranged with a profusion of red and white carnations, was presided over by Miss McGill and Mrs. Rutter for the first hour, and Miss Hill and Miss Stewart for the second. Tea was served at individual tables, and the candy table was invitingly arranged with ferns and flowers. The students assisting looked very charming in their dainty white dresses, with red crosses on their sleeves. There were many out-of-town guests present, besides the faculty and students of the college. This aided greatly in enlarging the funds, and every one was satisfied with the generous sum—upwards of sixty dollars—realized.

M. M., Sc., '16.
A. S. C.

Y.W.C.A. (RED CROSS) ACTIVITIES.

The Red Cross branch of the Young Women's Christian Association, in which every girl is included, is doing good work. Every Tuesday evening, immediately after tea, the girls gather in the large reception room where materials are given out and the girls knit and sew until study-hour. In the small reception room and in the alcove, others prepare bandages and dressings. While the girls are working an impromptu entertainment is given and very much enjoyed. We take this opportunity of urging those girls who can do anything in the way of entertainment to respond readily when asked and thus do their part towards making these evenings not only a time when we do Red Cross work but also one of social enjoyment.

We also urge any who have not yet joined in this good work to come and help. It is a cause which deserves our best effort and co-operation. One evening a week is not too much to give up

to the work, so let us all do our share with a will.

We wish to thank the ladies of the staff who have so kindly helped us in many ways, and extend a hearty welcome to all the ladies to join us in our meetings. We express our gratitude to Miss McGill for the use of the reception rooms and for her hearty co-operation with us in this matter.

G. H. M., T., '16.

LITERARY MEETING.

The fourth meeting of the Macdonald Literary and Debating Society was held Friday evening, December 3rd, at 6.45 p.m., in the Assembly Hall. The meeting took the form of the usual Fall Elocutionary Contest.

Pres. Crothers opened the meeting by reading the rules for the contest and then called on Miss Benewick, as the first contestant. Miss Benewick rendered "The Painter of Seville" in a very able manner, with quite a good dramatic effect. Miss L. Young then gave a patriotic selection, which drew tears from more than one eye. Miss Murray was the next contestant, and recited "The Revenge" in a very pleasing and natural manner. Miss Spence recited "Tommy," by Kipling, and imitated the dialect of the piece very well.

Mr. Mathews, the first of the gentlemen elocutionists, repeated the speech of the Hon. Robert Rogers, as delivered some time in November in Winnipeg. Mr. Mathews delivered the speech splendidly. Mr. Norcross then gave a selection from Shakespeare's Henry V. Then followed Mr. Lyster's comic reading, which attained its end by provoking much laughter. The Freshmen were represented by Mr. Doherty, who rendered a very nice, patriotic recitation.

While the judges, Miss Hill, Messrs.

Hammond and Thompson, were making their decisions, Mr. Schafheitlein, accompanied by Miss Ohmstead, gave a pleasing 'cello selection. Mr. Stanton gave a few organ selections which were greatly appreciated.

On the return of the judges, Mr. Thompson, acting as Chairman, returned the verdicts.

Ladies :—

Miss Murray,	} Tied for first
Miss Benewick	
Miss Spence, second.	
Miss Young, third.	

Gentlemen :—

Mr. Mathews, first.
Mr. Doherty, second.
Mr. Norcross, third.

Miss Stewart, the Hon. Vice-President of the Society, kindly consented to award the prizes.

The evening closed with the National Anthem.

THE INTER-YEAR DEBATE.

" 'Twas blow for blow, disputing inch by inch,
"For one would not retreat, nor t'other flinch."

The large audience which attended the first of the series of inter-year debates demonstrated very clearly and satisfactorily the popularity of the entertainment. We must not, however, flatter ourselves too extravagantly. Mere numbers are not an infallible criterion of the prevailing sentiment pertaining to such diversions. The critical observer is led to believe from several obvious and distracting incidents that wrapt and encouraging attention is not a courteous, self-imposed rule.

The subject of the debate, when it first fell upon the ear, imparted a violent and exasperating shock, which encouraged ridicule and destructive criticism. Bellicose anticipation suffered a bad defeat from the "milk and water" advocates. The amazingly satisfactory handling of the hackneyed subject by the debaters was a delightful surprise, and premature criticism was driven to bay and severely chastised.

The leader of the affirmative missed the mark. His chief topics were not of prime importance as regards the whole subject. Sufficient driving force was lacking where it was so urgently needed. A good deal of his valuable time was wasted upon a topic—the demagogic tit-bit Democracy—which was absolutely empty of conviction. The delivery of the speaker was somewhat ministerial.

The seconder of the affirmative was, without doubt, a revelation. "Pat" was in splendid form. His dry and appropriate humour brought the house down. "Pat" was undoubtedly the "arch-wit" of the evening. The presentation of his arguments was concise, clear, snappy and convincing. His delivery was well timed, his voice well pitched. The best criterion of Mr. Heatherington's speech was the manner in which he held the attention of his audience.

The fortunate victors may be summed up in a few words. They played their part nobly and well. The leader of the negative was not in his best form, but he was in better form than the leader of the affirmative. To criticise helpfully, Mr. Hay will do well to train himself in more pleasing voice-production, and to pay closer attention to the pronunciation of catchy words.

The seconder of the negative made a very good showing for his first public appearance upon the platform. As the critic of the evening, Dr. Lynde, aptly stated, Mr. McOuat presented a very minute analysis of the case in a most creditable manner and acted upon dry and difficult material very capably—he transformed dross into gold. The speaker might remember that “the harshness of reasoning is not a little

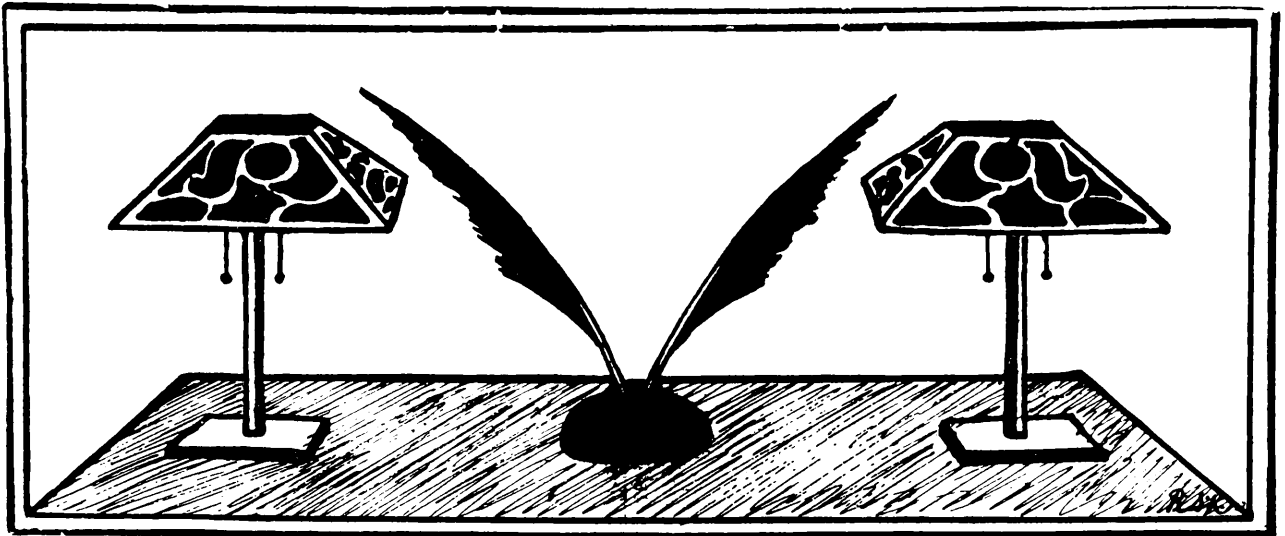
softened and smoothed by the effusions of mirth and pleasantry.”

The rebuttal, made by the leader for the affirmative, did not contain many points of striking importance, but considering the fact that it was very difficult to obtain specific statistics on their side of the question, the speakers for the affirmative did well.

The meeting closed with a terrific din, —the shouts of the victorious Seniors.



Some of the Household Science Students.



Under the Desk Lamp.

"SCOTTY" RANKIN ENLISTS.



ABOUT one month ago we were somewhat startled by the news that Scotty had enlisted. It was not because he was the last man in college we would have thought would enlist, but no one had been thinking of such a thing happening just then, so that the announcement set us all thinking.

In his usual quiet manner, Rankin decided that his place was *Somewhere in France*, and at once threw in his lot with the 5th Company of the (McGill) Universities Overseas. After getting his uniform, he came out to see us and reported himself so pleased with the new life that he would not change for anything. We are glad he possesses such a degree of optimism. It must have been a strong incentive that caused him to join the colours alone, and we honour him for it.

POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY MEETING.

The annual meeting of the Pomological and Fruit Growing Society of the Province of Quebec is being held, at present, at the college. Considerable

attention is always paid to these meetings, and this year is no exception to the rule.

The programme outlined by the officials of the society, of which Mr. R. A. Rousseau of Actonvale is president and Mr. Peter Reid of Chateauguay Basin is secretary-treasurer, is very full and exhaustive. Practically every phase of the apple-growing industry is touched on, and the men allocated to deal with each phase of the work are capable and experienced.

The students, particularly the horticultural specialists, see to it that they are able to attend the lectures and, judging from their continued popularity, the addresses must be of value. Perhaps the only stumbling block in the whole arrangement of the meetings is that they are held just before the Christmas examinations begin. Examinations always keep a lot of us away from well-liked events, and we feel sure that, in saying that a much larger attendance would be given the lectures if they could be held at any other time in the year, we are not over-stepping our mark.

The work taken up by the Society is of a practical value, and is well worthy

of the attention of everyone interested in agriculture, no matter what phase he may consider his special line of work. If more publicity were given the Society's work and aims everyone would profit.

EXCHANGES.

The number of our exchanges is still small, much smaller than that of last year.

The editorial staff of the *O.A.C. Review* is to be complimented on the taste shown in the choice of the small cuts on the covers of both the October and November numbers of that magazine. The November issue in particular has some student articles which should be read, but we have to confess again that we have scarcely been able to look through, let alone read, any of the exchanges.

The University Monthly retains its old time stability. Its size does not allow a display of originality, but what material is in the Magazine is, as far as we have seen, well worthy of the space given it.

In the *Acta Victoriana* we became extremely interested in the treatise headed, "My Father sent me to Victoria." It contains some thoughts that could not have come except after individual effort. The November issue in no way lowers the high standard set by previous boards.

We are glad to be able to add at least one name to our list of exchanges. Last

month we received a copy of a magazine published by the students of Wesley College, Winnipeg. It rings with College spirit until one can almost hear the echo. For an inauguration number, it is, without a doubt, a credit, and a big one, to the editorial staff. Its classical name, *Vox Wesleyana*, does not give one the clue to its contents.

King's College Record, with a really English name, would lead us to look for a carefully kept account of College affairs, but we are deceived here also. Considerable attention is paid to Classics, yet the life and spirit of the College is not neglected. Athletics receive important consideration and, consequently, space.

The Alumnus, of Iowa State College, keeps up its quality of material, both literary and illustrative. The series of cuts, illustrating "The Campus in Summer," are excellent.

As usual, we have received our full share of the publications issued by the Department of Publications at Ottawa. Among the more important are *The Agricultural Gazette*, *The Labour Gazette*, and a publication of the Dominion Experimental Farms called *Seasonable Hints*.

For other circulars and bulletins received we express our thanks, and to each and all of our contemporary magazine staffs we extend our sincere wishes for continued success and for a Happy and Prosperous New Year.



Learning to Fly.

Mr. J. L. Dashwood, whose departure from Macdonald early in the fall was recounted in the preceding number of the MAGAZINE, has made it possible for us to appreciate alike the dangers and pleasures of an aeronaut's life, by means of the following "letter" to the editor :—

When I promised, some time ago, to contribute to the College MAGAZINE some account of my first aeronautical experiences, I did so in the full assurance that my training would have terminated long before your editorship. That, however, was not to be the case, for the ill humours of the Canadian weather, combined with the vagaries of the Curtiss aeroplane engine, have kept me a whole month over the first part of my course—the driving of the sea-plane—and now I hear that we shall not complete our training on the swifter and more delicate land machines until we reach the Flying Corps School in the Old Country. As, however, I have already had over three hours in the air, during two of which I have had full control of the machine, I have decided to keep my promise, even though in a more incomplete manner than I could have wished.

I might, if I chose to weary you, retail the many vacant hours spent in watching broken engines or waiting for windless days; but when I tell you that during my first week I made a total of five minutes in the air, and that this is by no means a despicable average, you will be able to form a sufficient idea of the speed of our progress and the limits to which we must screw our patience. Within the narrow space of two months I have listened sympathetically to more lamentable stories of delay and ill fortune than would fill an encyclopedia; my only consolation being that the atmosphere of complaint and inertia is not altogether confined to aeronautical circles.

The object of a first flight is to accustom the student to the sensations of aerial motion, and to assure him of his fitness to proceed. Technically, it is known among the students as the "Joy Ride"; the "Joy" consisting in the two-fold absence of work for the pupil and criticism from the pilot—twin blisses which the pupil soon comes to consider as the consummation of human felicity. On the occasion of my first ascent the customary joy was augmented by a favourable combination of all the elements—including the engine. There was scarcely a breath of wind, and the sun was shining brilliantly, so that I listened with a careless geniality to the multitudinous advice proffered by my fellow-students. "Have a good look round," said one melancholy young man to me; "it's the only chance you'll get of seeing the scenery." Another learner, who had apparently suffered much from bitter and superfluous pilotic criticism, advised me to listen to no instructions which my tutor might offer. "When he tells you to watch his hands at the controls, don't you listen to him. Sit back comfortably and enjoy yourself, for it will be your last opportunity. After to-day you will be kept so busy with rudder, elevator and ailerons that you might just as well be over Timbuctoo as Toronto, for all you'll see of it." Fortified by these helpful and optimistic counsels, I took my seat beside the pilot, adjusted my goggles, and distorted my face into an expression as nearly sphinx-like as its muscles would decently allow. It was the work of a few seconds to start the

engine; the cannonade of the exhaust commenced, the boat trembled and lurched forward. Of a sudden my face was drenched with a fine white spray, while a terrific wind drove my lips together and lifted the hair from my forehead. Then quietly, almost imperceptibly, the shower of spray slackened, dissipated itself and ceased, while at the same time the drive of the wind increased tenfold in intensity. By this I knew that we had left the water, and glancing out of the machine I saw that we had already attained a considerable height. For some time we continued climbing, going up now in steps and now in spirals, our ascent interrupted at intervals by a startling lurch into an air pocket, but otherwise perfectly regular. I tried to turn, partly to discover what was going on behind, partly to assure the pilot of my perfect indifference to any such tepid sensation as he could provide; but even as I turned my head it was met with such a fierce and sudden blast that for a moment I doubted if the turning apparatus of my neck could withstand the strain. After I had regained my equilibrium I glanced to the right and left. The wings were uneasily moving up and down, always prevented from excessive tilting by the skilful control of the pilot. He had told me to watch his hands and feet, but as his movements were so slight as to be imperceptible, I soon gave up that task for the more exciting occupation of seeing what was going on beneath me. We were now several hundred feet in the air. Looking down to my right I could see the small group of people we had left, standing out darkly on the bright yellow of the beach; beyond and all about us stretched the lake, its blueness lit up and intensified by our altitude. While I was wondering at this, a sudden turn brought us into full view of the city. I deplore the

necessity of being rhapsodical over that spectacle, but I really can recall nothing quite so novel or exquisite as that bird's-eye view of Toronto with its vivid blue girdle of sea, and the dim hills of the north beyond.

My admiration was saved from sober criticism by its very shortness. No sooner had I managed to get the whole city into focus than a sudden dive put an end to my observations, and made me wonder if all was still well with the world. We were descending upon a steep spiral, with a side bank of unthinkable inclination; but the nose of our vessel, moving with confident certainty, traced its curves as easily and as firmly as a pencil will trace a spiral on paper. Some fifty feet from the surface we left our path and made a straight dive for the water, flattening out and subsequently alighting with scarcely any greater shock than that which had accompanied our departure. In a few moments I was being carried shorewards. The air seemed very still and there was a continual ringing in my ears. Moreover, I was conscious of a growing and intolerable sensation of hunger, so that the genial chorus of "How-do-you-like-its" and "Isn't-it-rippings," I scarcely paused to answer. I hurried away, in search, not of words to paint my indescribable emotions, but of the nearest possible restaurant where eggs and bacon were procurable.

The next few days I spent cultivating the habit of lounging gracefully about the hangars. Sunday, however, arrived clear and calm, so that work began in the early hours of the morning. When my turn came to climb alongside the pilot, I had an uneasy memory that there was only one joy ride; that subsequent rides, for want of a stronger term, might be called "misery rides." It was not therefore without a preliminary qualm

that I heard the pilot, after a few explanatory phrases, telling me that on this trip I might manage the rudder. This instrument is a horizontal foot-bar worked to the right or left by a very slight pressure, and causing the aeroplane to veer in the direction of that pressure.

Off we started, and this time the tempest of spray did not seem so overwhelming, nor the wind so ferocious. We climbed swiftly and set out across the bay towards the tall wireless elevators which adorn the barren sandy beach to its east. A sudden tap on the leg and motion of the hand announced that the direction of our vessel was now under my control, and woe to me should I abuse the confidence. It took me some seconds to get the feel of the rudder, during which we careered rather drunkenly over a zigzag course, but I soon had things going comfortably, and arrived without mishap at the aerial destination proposed by the pilot. He then motioned to me to turn to the left; I gave the rudder a fairly stiff push with my left boot. That push taught me several things. It taught me among other things that aerial movements should always be effected by very slight and delicate control motions. My push not only brought the nose round to the left, but it made it dive down quite abruptly and at the same time caused the whole machine to bank at an alarming angle. We looked almost perpendicularly over the edge of the body at the yachts sailing hundreds of feet below in the bay. But I had no time to feel dizzy; the pilot was leaning heavily in my direction working a shoulder control which restored the lateral equilibrium of the machine, and lifting as he did so the nose with the elevator. That momentary glance downwards, however, had revealed unexpected vistas of possibility

to me, and I leaned backwards comfortably in my seat prepared to heave that sigh of satisfaction which always accompanies an escape from a difficult position. I did not heave that sigh; the pilot had already indicated another point on the horizon, and once again we raced across the bay. The next turn I took with more deliberation. There was still a slight fall and still some bank, but neither of so alarming a character. Shortly afterwards the pilot touched my leg—the sign for me to relinquish control—and after a steep spiral we landed. As I climbed out of the machine I thought, not without vanity, that the total time taken in both trips had been only thirteen minutes; and I had already learned how to steer!

Alas for the vanity of man! My short-lived pride was soon to bow before a drastic humiliation. I do not care to dwell on my next two rides (both on the same Sunday) for to my morbid self-criticism I seemed to be getting worse every moment. It is true that now I was granted, in addition to the rudder, the elevator—that is, the control which makes the aeroplane rise or fall at the will of the aviator. But with the arrival of the second control I seemed to lose command of the first, so that while I was busy watching the nose fall at the slightest depression of the elevator, my feet had altogether lost their cunning in the matter of the rudder. The pilot was drowning the propeller with yells of "Steer—steer"; and when I began to steer correctly, behold the nose of the machine was moving up and down upon a path like an Exhibition switchback. I began to have a mortal fear of my pilot. I remembered suddenly how one student had told me that if you displeased this particular pilot, he was quite capable of lifting you bodily by the hair and dropping you over the side

of his machine. I shifted uneasily in my seat, my movement sending the nose still more violently out of its course, while once again the yells of my tutor mounted above the noise of the engine. Then for a brief space I seemed to regain complete control. Our machine kept a level path and a constant direction. Through the corner of my eye I could see that my centaur had taken his hands right away from the controls and was looking carelessly at the passing landscape. I thought with grim satisfaction that his life was in my hands—or, to be exact, in my hands and under my feet. But my troubles were by no means over. Just prior to descending, the pilot took the elevator, but left me the rudder, turning the elevator steeply downwards in order to effect a landing. The water rushed up to meet us at a frantic rate, a phenomenon which more than any other startles the novice and confounds his judgment. A landing is made by “flattening out” or turning the elevator slightly upwards when a few feet from the ground—a process of some danger and considerable difficulty. As I was particularly anxious to discover the precise moment at which this flattening process must be effected, I was all attention, and a moment or two before we alighted, instead of keeping my eyes fixed upon the horizon, turned them towards the water. But that moment was sufficient to deflect the whole course of the aeroplane. With a sudden wrench the pilot swung her round to her true direction, and landed, this time with something of a jerk. But in the commotion of the descent, and above all the confusion of that last moment, I had heard his voice shouting unspeakable things and calling upon all the gods of the air to witness my incompetence. His words and their purport were rendered the more awful by the tumultuous back-

ground of the engine and propeller. In the painful silence of our journey's end he regained his calm, and warned me, in a strangely cordial tone, that the first duty of the aviator is to keep a straight course, and that to land obliquely is to court catastrophe and invite destruction. Much moved by his eloquence I withdrew miserably to bed.

That night upon my bed I sought long and vainly for sleep. Over and over again I lived through the troublesome events of that day's life, and when at length uneasy slumber came, it was only to lead me to a painful country of dreams, where I was forever careering through the unresisting clouds, where I watched with exhausting tension the nose of my spectral machine rise and fall to my touch, where I took precipitous turns at appalling angles, and dived at length headlong towards a gulf of waters whose roar prolonged itself imperceptibly into the noise of my alarm clock! “Three flights a day,” I mused a little later, when I was clothed and in my right mind, “are good; but for the beginner, two are better.” And after that day I limited myself to a maximum of two flights.

I should have liked, had it been possible, to describe each of my flights in detail, for every time that the beginner goes into the air he learns a multitude of new things, but as I have already exceeded the reasonable space for an article of this character, I must limit myself to my last trip.

It was undertaken on a cold, bright morning, a morning full of sudden gusts and puffs which were chasing away the last wisps of a nocturnal fog. Whatever uniformity of direction there was in the wind was from the city seawards, and as we knew that the pilot always avoided such a direction, we looked forward to another empty day. On this occasion,

however, prompted perhaps by the spurs of a matutinal vivacity, or moved to pity by the despairing appearance of his pupils, our pilot surprised us all by announcing that the boat was to be launched for a flight. It was my turn to go up; I climbed to my seat, the pilot cranked his engine, and we set off. We rose rapidly to a height of some five hundred feet and turned into the wind. As soon as I had taken the controls I realized that I was confronted with a situation very different from any that had arisen hitherto. I was making for the open sea and crossing, with that purpose in view, the narrow crescent of sand which in Toronto goes by the name of the Island. On my right, and far beneath me, the morning smoke of the city was already astir, while on my other side and before me the whitecaps of Lake Ontario could be seen stretching away to the southern shore. On an ordinary occasion I should have given myself over to the natural pleasure and exhilaration which such a spectacle affords, but this morning the aesthetic sense was relegated to its proper sphere, while all my sober faculties were struggling to cope with and subdue the strangely drunken behaviour of our vessel. Of a sudden, a gust would catch my right wing and lift the machine up to a dizzy and perilous bank. This, to the unwearied disgust of my pilot, I invariably over-corrected, so that a moment later the machine would be leaning upon a similar dizzy and perilous bank in the other direction. No sooner had this difficulty been dealt with than we would encounter a series of "bumps." The scientific character of these unwelcome aerial personages I am incompetent to determine, but their practical nature is well described by their name. To encounter one is to experience a sensation just like motoring over an ugly bump in

an otherwise perfectly level road. The nose of the machine suddenly rears upwards like a frightened horse (in French aeronautical language the word "cabrer" is actually used for this phenomenon), the pilot gets an uncomfortable shaking, and the whole course of the machine may become dangerously deflected. On this melancholy morning, however, bumps and banks were by no means our only enemies. We encountered, in addition, an extraordinarily large number of deep air-pockets or "holes," into which we dropped with disconcerting regularity. The sensation provided by a perpendicular drop of some thirty or more feet is difficult to describe in sober and restrained language; and the startling jerk which is found at the bottom of the pocket is even more untranslatable. Against all these powers of the air I battled with all the persistence and coolness of which I was capable, surprised as I was into special endeavour by the fact that the pilot was leaving the machine entirely in my hands, and even for diminutive periods of time looking away from the controls at the staggering landscape beneath us. At all the more unusual jerks and dives, however, his hands shot out to the levers and by cunning and almost imperceptible movements restored us to our normal equilibrium. I was in the air on this occasion for a total of nine minutes, and was not surprised when we descended to hear the pilot referring to the weather in terms of extravagant disparagement. So bad indeed was it that no one else flew on that day, and for some hours I became an object of envy among my long-suffering fellow students. But it was an experience that I should not care to repeat with a vacant seat at my side.

Before concluding, I should like to advise you to exercise considerable sus-

picion when you hear or read of the strange sensations provided by a trip in the air. It is true that it is a very enjoyable and very healthy experience; but it certainly does not possess all those elysian thrills which journalists who go for a five-minute ride are accustomed to attribute to it. One writer says that it is like heaven; another that it is like roller skating without the rollers. Grahame-White says that it gives you a proud sense of power similar in character but superior in intensity to that feeling of self-satisfaction experienced by a man upon a horse. A friend of mine informs me that whenever he gets above a certain

altitude a feeling of unspeakable exhilaration comes over him, so that he has to shout "Ha-ha." I lament the melancholy fact that as yet none of these strange sensations have overtaken me. I have not even felt the necessity of saying "Ha-ha." Nevertheless, such a confession does not prevent me from declaring that none of my past experiences, whether considered from the standpoint of novelty or that of intensity, can pretend to compare with aviation.

With all good wishes, believe me,

Yours, etc.,

JOHN L. DASHWOOD.



Where the Stately Elm Grows.

News from the Front.

Extract of a letter from Private Pat. Ashby, P.P.C.L.I. (A. 10944), from a place, "Somewhere in France," to George Boving.

MY DEAR GEORGE:

It is some time since I wrote you, isn't it? I have no excuses to make, for I have had time to scribble a few lines many a time. * * *

Here we have a fine rolling country in front of us, but very chalky in places. Some very good crops of alfalfa are obtained, but I have seen much better in Canada. The other day I saw a man sowing a mixture of fall rye, vetch and peas, for a horse feed; whether used as hay or threshed, I do not know. The houses and barns are joined together and form a square in the centre. It is quite impossible, in some cases, to tell which is the part set aside for the people and which is set aside for the animals. As far as cleanliness goes, it cannot be decided.

We have had some wet days lately and considerable mud has appeared. The pig pen which three of us use as a combined bedroom and dining-room, leaks considerably, especially around my head.

I hope the censor is not vexed at me for having written so many pages, as I am sure, I did not intend to give him any more work.

Yours truly,
PAT.

□ □ □

Private A. R. Jones relates some recent experiences to Dr. Harrison. Letter is dated November 16th, 1915. He writes:—

DEAR DR. HARRISON:—

I was very pleased indeed to receive your letter a couple of days ago, and to

learn of the doings at Macdonald. I also did as you requested and passed the letter around amongst the other Macdonald boys. *There is nothing we like better than to get news from around the college.*

It is very interesting to note that the C.O.T.C. is again in operation. I hope it will become a permanent institution at the College.

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Talking about shooting, perhaps you heard that the Macdonald section did very well in the shooting practices at Hythe Ranges during our stay at Shorncliffe. Our section was the best in the company with one marksman, Jack McCormick, and six "first class," the rest "second class," there being no failures.

It is just a month now since we came out of the trenches, which, to tell the truth, we were not sorry to leave. The last place we were in was a particularly warm spot—"Whizbang Corner," where, almost every day, there was one casualty. Owing to the peculiar lay-out of the trenches there, the Germans could get a cross-fire on to us, and they had the range down pretty fine. Three or four days before we left, things got even worse, because the Germans began using trench-mortars. I watched one from a distance, one day, and it came hurtling over like a huge sausage (they weigh about 65 lbs.), hit the parapet and bounced down behind the trench, exploding with a terrific explosion, and dropping bits of earth and rock near where I was at a distance of 500 yards.

Just now we are in splendid billets. We have the drying room of a large carpet and bag factory, dry and warm

and very comfortable, with straw on the floor to lie on.

Most of the boys are well. McCormick has had some trouble with his gums becoming soft and is now in the hospital; also McFarlane with influenza. Bill Bailey, too, is down the line, one of his feet giving him some trouble.

Trusting you are well,

Very sincerely yours,

A. R. JONES.

□ □ □

Extracts from a letter written by Private L. D. McClintock, B.S.A., '13, to Dr. Harrison:—

I can assure you that I was very much pleased to get your two very kind and interesting letters of September 23rd and 29th. I am sure that things must be somewhat lively at old Macdonald with all the beauty and gallantry incidental to the return of the fair ones and the brawny young rustics. Do you know that I would not mind being a freshman again?

I really cannot give you much news. I may say, however, that we are all on the job and ready for whatever may be in store for us. I have not run across any Macdonald boys for some time, except Bill Dreher; he looks as husky as a timber wolf.

What do you suppose? Well, the other day another gunner and myself went out into a neighbouring meadow after frogs and mushrooms. We got quite a lot of the former and a few of the latter; we had frogslegs and mushrooms for supper. Of course, they were cooked after our own fashion, but they were good all the same.

Well, good-bye. I guess that I had better roll into my blankets. The sounds of rifle, machine gun and artillery fire, with the bursting of occasional shells, come to me as I write.

Ever sincerely,

L. D. MCCLINTOCK.

The following are extracts from a letter written by Dick Heslop to his people. Dick was in the employ of the poultry department up to the time of his enlisting.

Just a line to let you know that we are well so far. I have never been up to the line yet. We have been travelling all around the country for the last two weeks. We had a long route march last week, starting at 6 p.m. and marching 17 miles. That was the longest march I was ever in. * * * * *

I saw a German aeroplane brought down by one of the French airmen. They have machine guns and they *fight like mad*. Last week there were six German aeroplanes brought down in one day. The same aviator brought down three in a few hours' time.

□ □ □

The following are extracts from letters received from A. R. Milne and H. C. Baily, '17, room mates at Macdonald and co-workers for their King and Country at the front.

We are sitting in a dug-out, about 2 feet wide, 20 feet long and 5 feet high. Some of our boys are lined up along the side, while others are sitting in front of a stove which has been taken from the many ruins about, and the rest of the boys are on duty outside.

Just in front of us the German trenches are about 300 yards away. We are on a hillside near the bottom, and the Germans are right on the crest. Our line goes gradually along and up the hill till, at the top on the right, the trenches are only 25 yards apart in places, and at these points there is lots of fighting with bombs, and both sides mine under each other's trenches.

One day in the trenches I was having a peep at the lines with a periscope, and a German put a neat hole clean

through it at the top, but, of course, my head was below the parapet. They are certainly good shots. The place around here is full of snipers, and you cannot move around much by day in the trenches for fear of being potted at. On Friday morning about 6.30 I spotted a German bobbing his head up and down over in their lines, so I carefully raised my rifle and head up between two sand bags to try and get him. Before I could, however, another German, anticipating one of us trying to get a shot, cut the sand bag two feet away from my cheek with a bullet. Pretty close shave!

Fancy! The Germans have mined under our trenches and we have mined under theirs. It is really exciting to think that one may go up in dust at any time the Germans feel so disposed; of course, they would go up, too. In many places the saps run so close that our sappers can hear the German sappers working and they have answered each other by tapping so many times on the side of the tunnel.

□ □ □

R. R. Flood, '18, when last heard from was still in England. He has been allotted the responsibility of training recruits for service.

□ □ □

J. W. Brunt, of the Model Teachers, '15, has been heard from recently and is still the same "original" chap.

E. A. McMahon and A. Kelsall, of Class '16, have not left any clue to their whereabouts, but from other men's letters we conclude that they are still on active service. Both were always "dark horses" and real ones.

□ □ □

Eric Boulden, the Happy Man of Class '16, is reported as Company Barber. The fellows would like to know how he is faring.

□ □ □

Jack McCormick, '15, has been obliged to fall back to the medical base for a time.

□ □ □

This week a card was received from C. F. Peterson, '16 (Pete). He has been in transport work for several months.

□ □ □

We are forced to believe that R. E. McKechnie, '15, has recently suffered from a severe attack of pleurisy. With all our might we hope that it goes well with "Mac."

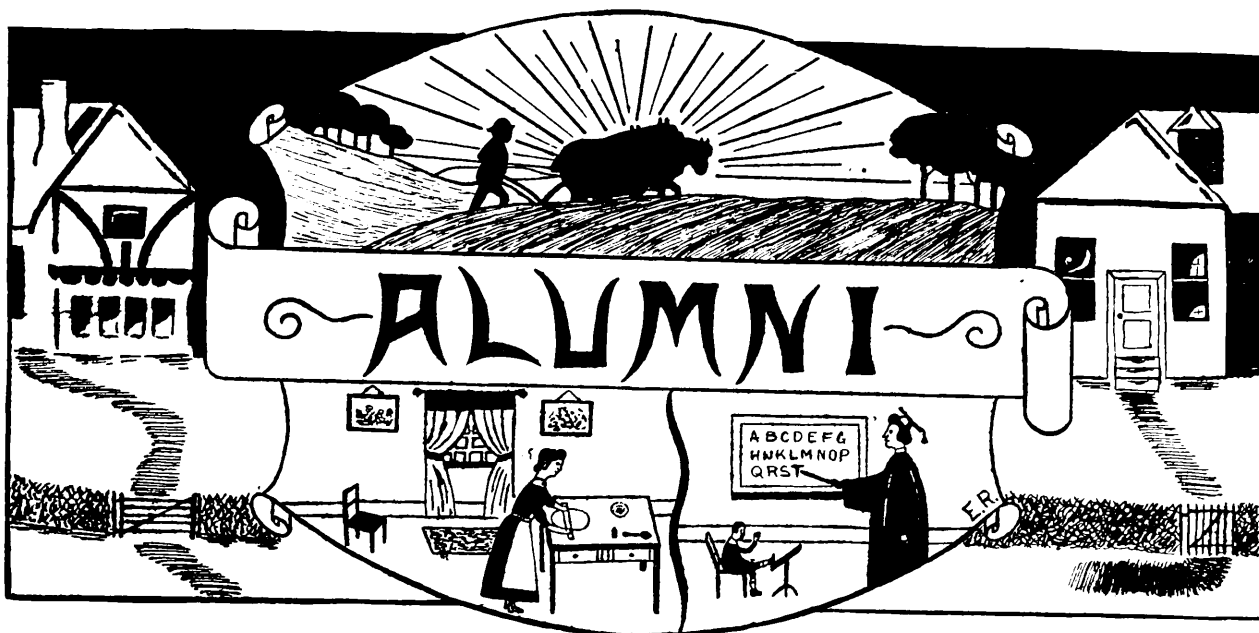
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H. D. Mitchell, '15, is heard from frequently. He reports that all the Macdonald fellows in his unit are still fit. Among them are noted members of Class '15, H. I. Evans, H. F. Williamson and G. F. Collingwood, '16.

□ □ □

Brock Walsh last wrote from a hospital in France where he was recovering from diphtheria.





SCHOOL FOR TEACHERS.

Miss Clyde Corbett is following out her usual high taste by teaching in Earl Grey School.

Miss Marjorie Reid has a school in Milby.

Miss Alberta Dawes, Elementary, '15, is teaching at Earl Grey School, Lachine.

Miss Doreen Hicks presides over a class in Riverside School.

Miss Vera Richardson reigns over a little kingdom in Bancroft School.

Miss Marjorie Hislop is teaching at Ahuntsic.

Miss Grace Armour thinks that nothing could be more peaceful than teaching at Alexandria School.

The Misses Brenda Patton and Rachel Tenny liked early rising so well that they decided to teach in the Peace Centennial School.

Miss Muriel Miller, Elementary, '15, is teaching at Iberville.

Miss Rebecca Echenberg continues to distinguish herself with her teaching at Sherbrooke.

Miss Edith Le Gallais has profited by her experience as President of the Court, for she keeps strict order in her school at Lachine.

Miss Annie Lang, Elementary, '15, is teaching at Notre Dame de Grace.

Miss Edna Morrison did not take a school this year as she has just recovered from a severe illness.

Miss Gertrude McFarlane is teaching at Aberdeen School.

Miss Beatrice Leach is teaching a class in Edward VII School. She has concluded that teaching is not the easiest thing on earth.

HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE.

Miss Florence Mooney, Homemakers', '12, is at home, in Inverness, Quebec.

Miss M. C. Macleary, Homemakers', '12, is at home at Sayabec, Quebec.

Miss Mary Hamilton, Homemakers', '15, is taking a business course in Montreal.

Miss Grace Robertson is assistant domestic science teacher in a public school in Alberta.

Miss Mary Cowling, Housekeepers', '15, expects to take a position in Montreal as visiting housekeeper, the first of January.

Miss G. K. Brown, '13, continues to fill her position of dietitian at Braemar College, Vancouver, B.C.

Miss Jean McIntosh, '13, is at home at Stanstead, Quebec.

AGRICULTURE.

E. Muir, '17, when last heard from was at ———, Sask.

D. T. Hume, of Class '17, has taken a position with the Rideau Market Garden Co. of Ottawa.

R. Cooper, a former member of Class '17, is managing his farm at Huntingdon, Que.

"Sandy" Hand, '17, is another of those who believe in practical demonstration, so is at his home, Greenwich, N.Y.

J. C. Howard, '18, has joined Science, '19, McGill.

W. Frank, '18, is at home on the farm, Kingsbury, Que.

Mr. C. Martin, of Class '16, has gradually settled down to the routine of married life.

Sching, who was with Class '18, has entered the Agricultural College, at Oka.

We are sorry to learn that Mr. H. Carleton, of Class '18, who was recently married, has had the misfortune to break his leg while playing Rugby.

Two more of our members have recently answered the Call and are now with the forces. S. Pye has joined the Grenadier Guards, and Pope the 73rd. Both were '18 men.

D. McDiarmid, of Class '16, is at his home, Entwistle, Alta. We hear that Mac is about to launch into farming on his own account.

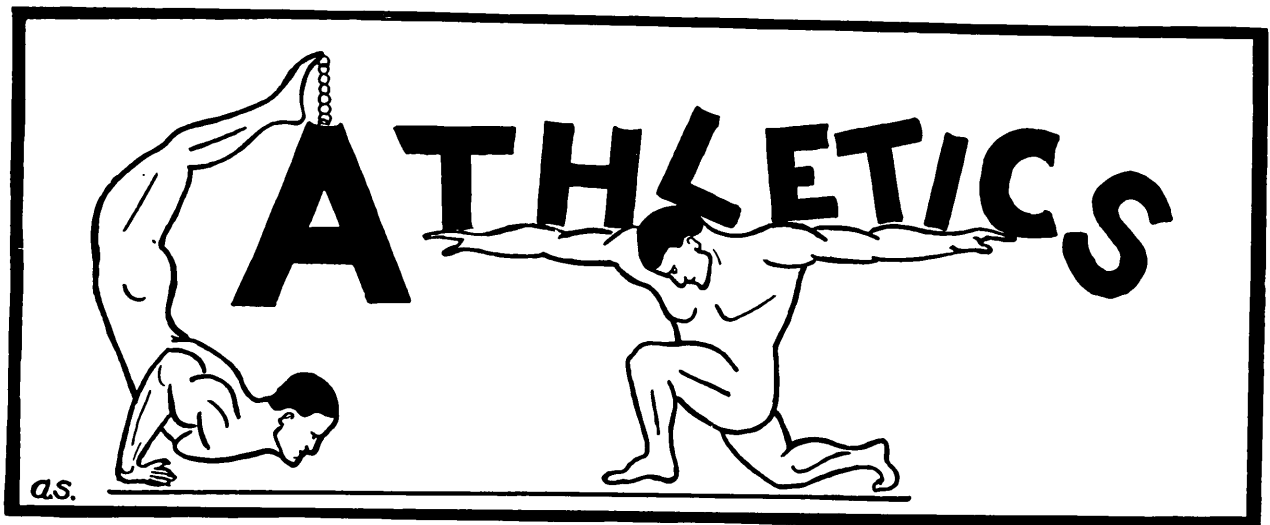
J. C. Howard, alias "Doc.", of Class '15, is recklessly sowing agricultural truths about his home at Smith Mills.

"Jethro" Tull, of Class '18, is with his uncle on a farm somewhere in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Old Virginia.

We believe that C. Lemoine, of Class '16, has entered an Agricultural College in Mass.

P. Funcheon, of Class '12, is another who has entered the kingdom of perennial bliss. He has recently married a young lady from Westmount.

J. Gordon Ross, '13, of Boharm, Sask., looked in at the College on November 26th. He had been down to Montreal to see his brother, Lieut. J. H. Ross, of the Royal Aviation Corps, off to England. Since his last visit, "Gord" has taken unto himself a partner in life, in March last. He reports unbelievable crops in the West.



RUGBY.



THE rugby team is to be congratulated on its excellent work in the Quebec Junior Rugby Football Union. The team ranked third in the league standing and, had the men displayed the form at the beginning of the season that they did at the close, it would undoubtedly have ranked higher. The men made a very creditable showing in all the games, and the standard of the team as a whole was considerably higher than that of last year. This is only the second year that we have had a rugby team, but in this time the game has become very popular with the students, and the prospects are exceedingly bright for a strong team next year. The majority of the men who were on the team this year will be back next fall, and with the experience which they gained this year and a little more coaching, they should form the backbone of a team which will be hard to beat. The team was handicapped by lack of coaching, as Mr. MacLennan was unable to give us much of his time; but towards the last of the season "Bill" Hughes, an old McGill player, took charge of the team for a few practices, and the improvement in the playing of the whole team was very noticeable. It is to be hoped that next

year the team will be able to secure the services of a good coach early in the season, and will have at least an equal chance with the other teams in this respect.

The rugby team closed its season on Nov. 20th, with a game against the Shamrocks in Montreal. This game was unfortunately lost, but the fault was in the wretched conditions under which the game was played. The mud was inches deep on the ground, with pools of water in the middle of the playing field. The play was very even, and was good in spite of the unfavourable conditions. Throughout the game, Macdonald made good gains on line plays, but was unfortunate in losing the ball on offsidcs at critical moments. The Shamrocks won the game through an excusable fumble by one of our backs. The final score was 8—6.

Early in the season a game was played against Arts '18, of McGill, and the result was an easy victory for our team by the score of 11—3. The game in St. Lambert's was lost by the score of 4—1, but this game was one of the best of the season. All of the men played hard, steady games, while some of them showed especially good form. The game in Montreal against the Emeralds was also lost, by the score of 21—10. The Emeralds secured a big lead in the

first half, but in the second half were always on the defensive, and were forced to play their hardest in order to hold down the college team. In this game, as in several others, the College team played their opponents fairly off their feet in the second half, but on this occasion the lead was too big for them to overcome.

The final match on the college

bank and Smith got away for good gains, and the ball was carried across the line for another try. The final score was Macdonald 12, St. Lambert's 6.

The league games were characterized by a spirit of clean sport and fair play, and although some men received minor injuries, no one was hurt through deliberately rough play.

The following men have played 75%



Norcross taking a high one.

campus took place on Nov. 13th, against St. Lambert's. At half-time the viistors were leading, but during the interval one or two changes were made in our line-up, which made a great difference in the work of the team. When play was resumed, Macdonald took the offensive, and in a very short time Dickson scored a try, which put us in the lead. In the last minutes of the game Bur-

of the rugby games, and are therefore eligible for large M.'s. R. J. Reid, W. J. Reid, E. G. B. Reid, S. F. Tilden, F. B. Chauvin, L. C. Roy, C. Smith, C. Lyster, B. Holmes, C. Walsh, D. Patenall, D. Burbank, H. Birks, and G. Dickson. Five men—C. Fraser, H. Biggar, Welsh, Dogherty, and Arnclnd—played in 50% of the games, and are thus eligible for second grade block M.'s.

SOCCER.

It is to be regretted that the soccer team was unable to secure more games this fall, as the team has shown up well in the matches played. Two out of the four games arranged with city teams were cancelled at the last moment, owing to some of the players on the opposing team being called out for

this game, all marking their men well and breaking up several dangerous rushes.

On Nov. 27th, a team picked from the Theological Colleges in Montreal played at Macdonald. The playing field was rather slippery, owing to a light rain, but otherwise conditions were perfect for football. This was unquestionably



SOPHOMORE SOCCER TEAM.

Left to right:—Standing—Cameron, Derrick, MacFarlane, Hawke, Tilden, Hodge, Holmes, Todd.
Kneeling—Robinson, Matthews (Capt.), Dodd.

drill, but the two games which were played resulted in decisive victories for Macdonald.

The first game, played on Nov. 13th against the Diocesan College team, was won by our team 1—0. Good combination was shown by both teams, but our team was the heavier, and had rather the better of the play. The half-backs did some very good work in

the best and fastest soccer game played on the campus for some time. The visiting team depended almost entirely upon individual efforts, while the Macdonald team played fine combination, especially when close in on their opponents' goal. The score of 4—1 clearly shows the advantage of team play, as there was very little to choose between the teams in other respects.

Line-up of the teams :—

MACDONALD 4	vs.	THEOLOGS 1.
Sutton	G.	Bee
Fenoulhet	R.F.B.	Johnston
Biggar	L.F.B.	Terry
Dunsmore	R.H.B.	Paterson
Hay	C.H.B.	Davis
Hodge	L.H.B.	Tumell
Cameron	O.R.F.	McCormick
McOuat	I.R.F.	Semple
Matthews	C.F.	Burton
Skinner	I.L.F.	Clayton
Todd	O.L.F.	Servige

Referee, E. Jones.

Mr. P. A. Boving, Honorary President of the team, has offered a cup for annual competition between the different years.

The Seniors defeated the Juniors in the first game for this cup by 2 goals to 0. The second game, between the Sophomores and the Freshmen, was won by the Sophomores 1—0. The final game, between the winners of these two games, was postponed several times, but was finally played on Nov. 22nd. This game was the best of the series, and was by no means as one-sided as the score would indicate. The Seniors were the heavier team, but the Sophomores were speedier, with more combination and team play. Douglas Matthews was the individual star of the game, scoring all the goals for his team. The men who took part in the final game were :—

SOPHOMORES 3	vs.	SENIORS 0.
Hawke	Goal	Sutton
Robinson	Full backs	Moyran
W. Jones		Biggar
R. Reid		Boving
Hodge	Half backs	Fenoulhet
Macfarlane		Hyndman
Cameron		Fraser
Holmes	Forwards	Schafheitlin
Matthews		Hay
Dodd		Lyster
Todd		McOuat

Referee, E. Jones.

BASKETBALL.

Both the Senior and Junior basketball teams are entered in the Y.M.C.A. Provincial Basketball League, with teams representing Westmount, North Branch, Central, McGill, and Railroad Y.M.C.A.'s. As usual, this sport is very popular with all the students, and everyone is anticipating a most interesting season. Although no games have been played as yet, it is expected that both of the teams will be strong, as four members of last year's senior team are taking part in the practices, some good players have been found in the freshman year, and the best men from the class teams are turning out with the College team.

The schedule of the games in which the College teams will take part is printed below. Both Senior and Junior matches are to be played on the same night.

- Dec. 1—Macdonald at Westmount.
- Dec. 4—McGill at Macdonald.
- Jan. 8—Macdonald at North Branch.
- Jan. 13—Macdonald at Railroad.
- Jan. 22—Central at Macdonald.
- Jan. 29—Westmount at Macdonald.
- Feb. 5—Macdonald at McGill.
- Feb. 12—Railroad at Macdonald.
- Feb. 22—Macdonald at Central.
- Feb. 26—North Branch at Macdonald.

INDOOR BASEBALL.

It is unlikely that there will be any regular baseball schedule this winter, owing to the difficulty of getting teams to play against. We expect, however, to play a series of games with the M.A.A.A. team, and also a number of games with the Faculty. Other games will also be played if it is possible to arrange them.

The first game against the Faculty was played on Nov. 27th, and was lost by the score of 10—4. The game was close and exciting until the last innings,

when the Faculty ran in 6 scores. The teams were as follows :—

FACULTY.	STUDENTS.
Mr. Raymond, 1.B.	Hay, C.
Mr. Summerby, P.	Sutton, P.
Mr. Ness, C.	Cameron, 1.B.
Mr. Tawse, 3.B.	Biggar, 2.B.
Prof. Barton, 2.B.	Jones, S.S.
Mr. Jull, S.S.	Derrick, 3.B.
Mr. Duporte, L.F.	Moynan, R.F.
Mr. Edwards, R.F.	Todd, L.F.

INTER-CLASS GAMES.

The season for outdoor games is at an end for this year, and the gymnasium is now the chief source of exercise and amusement. The inter-class games are being played as usual, and the spirit of friendly rivalry existing between the different classes has the effect of making these games exciting and closely contested to the finish. A great deal of

interest is being taken in the games, not only by the boys, but also by our friends across the campus who have been present at all the games played thus far. Three games of the series have been played, two at baseball and one at basketball. The first game was between the Juniors and Freshmen at baseball, and the result was a victory for the Juniors by 26 runs to 13. The next game was between the Seniors and Sophomores at basketball. This contest was close and exciting at all times, with the Sophomores leading until within a few minutes of full time, when the Seniors managed to take the lead. The final score was 25—23 in their favour. The third game was also between the Seniors and Sophomores, this time at baseball. This game was easily won by the Seniors by the score of 19—7. The race for the trophy for indoor games promises to be very interesting, as all of the teams are practising hard for their next games.

Pass it On.

Have you had a kindness shown ?

Pass it on !

'Twas not given for thee alone—

Pass it on !

Let it travel down the years,

Let it wipe another's tears,

Till in heaven the deed appears,

Pass it on !

Did you hear the loving word—

Pass it on !

Like the singing of a bird ?

Pass it on !

Let its music live and grow

Let it cheer another's woe,

You have reaped what others sow—

Pass it on !

Love demands the loving deed !

Pass it on !

Look upon thy brother's need,

Pass it on !

Live for self, you live in vain ;

Live for Christ, you live again ;

Live for Him, with Him you reign—

Pass it on !

HENRY BURTON.

Girls' Athletics.

TENNIS.



ON Saturday, October the twenty-third, the R.V.C. Girls came out to Macdonald to play a return match with our girls. The weather conditions were unfavourable, it being very cold and a strong gale blowing, which made the playing very bad for both teams. We were glad, however, that a good many spectators braved the stormy winds to cheer our girls.

soon see that R.V.C. were the better p'ayers. Miss Olmstead, however, after playing a cracking good game came out victorious. After the Tournament afternoon tea was served in the Reception room where a bright, glowing fire was burning, and the room was prettily decorated with chrysanthemums and autumn leaves. Miss McGill presided over the tea table, and even though we lost the Tournament we certainly enjoyed having the R.V.C. girls out.



GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION EXECUTIVE.

Standing :—Misses Watson, Giles, McGregor, McOuat.

Sitting :—Misses Johnson, Guthrie (Pres.), Moore, Davidson.

The Mac. players were:

Miss M. McColl.....	Singles.
Miss G. Olmstead.....	Singles.
Miss S. Travers	Singles.
Miss D. Nolan.....	Doubles.
Miss D. Longworth.....	
Miss M. Dawson.....	Doubles.
Miss S. McGregor.....	

Our girls fought hard, but we could

BASKET-BALL.

Great was the excitement, not to say consternation, amongst the Teachers, on Nov. 23rd, when the unexpected order was issued that "the intersectional matches would be played to-night," and great was the bustling of the captains, collecting their teams and summoning them to the gym. at 6.45. Lots were drawn, and everyone held their breath

to see who their opponent was to be. The teams played Section A vs. C and B vs. D. By 7 p.m. B and D were right in the fray. B had evidently, from the start, made up their minds to win. When the first whistle blew B had quite a lead over D, though the latter had lots of fight in them yet. Score: B, 21; D, 3. Then came on A vs. C. These teams were more evenly matched, and, consequently, from a spectator's standpoint, it was a more interesting game to watch. Both teams fought hard, but A seemed to be getting the better of things. End of 1st half: A, 6; C, 2. B vs. D came on for their second half. Things seemed to brighten up for D when they scored a point in the first minute's play. Then came the slaughter; the unmerciful B's scored 27 points before D seemed to awaken to the fact. Although B was the better team, and had more experienced players, much credit is due to D for the plucky fight they put up against such great odds. Score: B, 48; D, 4. A vs. C played a good hard game in the second half, and it looked rather doubtful, at times, as to who would be victorious in the end. C played well but they could not overcome the lead A got during the 1st half. Score: A, 13; C, 8.

The line-ups were as follows:

B	
Carrie Moore.....	Defence.
D. Lavers.....	Defence.
G. Ohmstead.....	Centre.
—Montague.....	Centre.
Doris Nolan.....	Home.
Kitty Mountain.....	Home.

D.	
M. Gordon.....	Defence.
B. Benton.....	Defence.
J. Lyster.....	Centre.
M. Cairns.....	Centre.
D. Wood.....	Home.
D. Longworth.....	Home.

A.	
D. Davidson....	Defence.
F. Grimson....	Defence.
E. Brandes.....	Centre.
H. Gordon.....	Centre.
G. Donnelly.....	Home.
D. Hains.....	Home.

C.	
G. Veith.....	Defence.
I. Woodhouse.....	Defence.
D. Rashback....	Centre.
Miss Watson.....	Centre.
T. Young.....	Home.
G. Shrimpton.....	Home.

On Monday, Nov. 29, Sections A and B played off for first place in the Teachers' Schedule of basket ball, which Section A secured by the close score of 14—12. The hopes of Section B were strong, for had they not beaten the Elements thoroughly, and had they not the best team? Rather! But Section B was obliged to play in a rather handicapped way, for home players, D. Nolan and C. Mountain, were lacking, and there were other misfortunes, generally due to "inoculation." But they plucked up heart and played a very good game, though the fouls *were* rather frequent. The line up was as follows :—

SECTION A.		SECTION B.
D. Harris	Home	D. Lavers
I. Giles	"	E. Levitt
G. Donnelly	Wing	G. Ohmstead
E. Brandes	"	H. Leach
D. Davidson	Defence	C. Moore
F. Grimson	"	A. Montague

Referees { Miss Wren
 Miss S. MacGregor, Sc.

All the girls played well, two defence players, D. Davidson and C. Moore, being perhaps the stars, though every player played her best game. The teams

were well matched, and often it was thought that Section B would win out, though only once was Section A behind.

The excitement was at its height during the last two minutes, much to the worry of the time-keeper, for she could not watch both game and time. The score stood 13—12 for A when B secured a free shot. But, no, it missed it! and again came the play which ended in A's last basket one moment before the whistle. From the wild cheering one might infer that A had expected somewhat of a defeat, but, of course, no such idea is even to be hinted at.

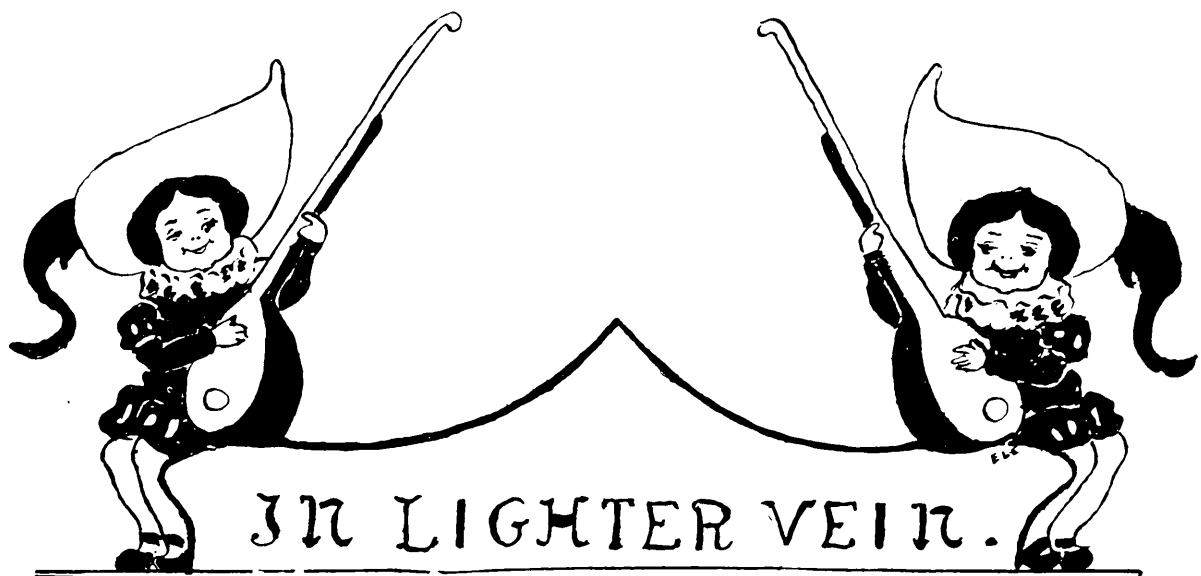
There were quite a few spectators, though there could have been many more; but as exams. are coming so near that must account for their scarcity. However, there were enough supporters to give Section A's yell in quite a spirited fashion.

Unfortunately, Section B was unable to respond. Section B appears to have laboured under a chapter of misfortunes, both in the way of sports and of literary meetings. But courage, B, take comfort in the thought of "what might have been." You played up, and played the game, as always!

E. J. M., T., '16.



A Brook in the Laurentians.



WE WONDER WHY

Wood has a rather patriotic feeling these days; always singing "God save 'my' King."

o o o

Bothwell seems to have quit church lately. Why such a change?

o o o

Fiske's favourite song is, "For she's a jolly good fellow."

o o o

SHIVERS FROM THE CHEMISTRY CLASS-ROOM.

A melodious voice from the back of the room suddenly burst out in song while an explanation of the atomic theory was in progress.

Mr. H.: "There is no singing in this class until after the examination."

o o o

Mr. H.: "What is the main use of antimony?"

Matt.: "For playing poker, sir."

o o o

Warning to Mr. A. Bothwell: Look out for Mr. Hammond next time you come into the Soph. classroom. The weather is getting cold and he is wearing *heavy* boots.

HEARD AT THE TABLE.

Miss Y.: "I like your cheek, Mr. B."

Mr. B.: "Which one? I shaved them both since last night."

o o o

Wilfred D.: "I wish somebody would show me how to make fudge."

Miss O - - - d: "You don't need to know how. I can make it."

o o o

Mr. B.: "What is the method of growth of a grasshopper, Walsh?"

Walsh: "It grows by shedding its leaves."

o o o

A NEW DEFINITION.

A number of business men at luncheon were giving definitions of "optimist" and "pessimist." One of them offered the following:

"A pessimist says, 'Is there any milk in that pitcher?' whereas an optimist remarks, 'Pass the cream, please.'"—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

o o o

"How did you get that stitch in your side?" questioned one man of another.

"Oh, I got hemmed in a crowd," was the brief answer.

